SEND HIM A "JOHN BULL" PEN. Coupon on Page 18.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 567. | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment To H.M. The King

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BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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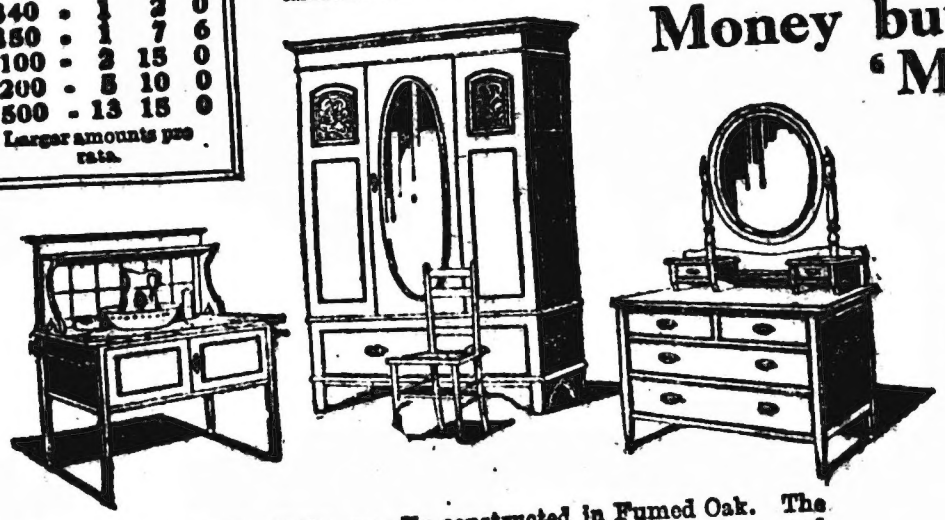

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When DAY'S first beams are dartin',
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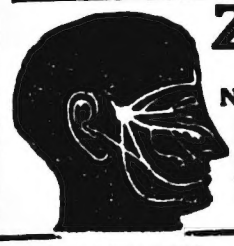

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HAVE you thought of what you can do to show your practical gratitude to your boy when he returns from the war? Do you realise that during the two or three years that he has spent in defending your home he has missed the opportunity of working and saving? Wouldn't it give you infinite pleasure and satisfaction if you could tell him on his return that you have saved £10, £20 or £100 for him in order that he may equip himself for the business battle in which he then has to engage? Of course it would. Why not start to-day? You will be glad that you did so.

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 597. Week ending Saturday, November 10th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Air Raids.

We said last week that we shall soon have mastered not only the Zepp but also the Gotha menace, and surely the result of that raid by thirty enemy machines confirms our prediction. Whatever may happen in the immediate future, we believe we have seen the worst of these nocturnal visits.

The Virgin of Albert.

Apropos of our story of the Madonna and Child leaning over the town of Albert, from the heavily shelled tower of the ruined Cathedral, the *Freethinker* charges us with "gulling" the public, and says it "happens to know the truth." Then why not tell it?

A Cowardly Cur.

Scratch a crank and, five times out of six, you find a cur. Take the case of Philip Snowden, M.P., who under the protection of the legal "privilege" which attaches to statements made in Parliament, suggests that our leading newspapers are subsidised by Germany. Dirty dog!

Deification.

Thus a reverend gentleman in his sermon the other day: "The people to-day, instead of worshipping God, make idols of such men as Horatio Bottomley and George Robey." What has Little Tich done?

His Honour.

Who is the ass responsible for the statement, "on the highest authority," that Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, although, being still on the list of reserve officers of the German army, "in honour bound to place his services at the disposal of Germany," has throughout "taken no active part in the war"? Where does the "honour" begin and end?

A Smart Retort.

A story is going round the Front concerning an American General, recently arrived, and to whom the services of a lady chauffeur were allotted. "Madam," said he one morning, "you are two minutes late." "General," replied the fair lady, with the sweetest of smiles, "*you're* two *years* late; step inside."

Our Way.

After a recent Army appointment, the next General to lose a battle and call it a victory will probably be made Viceroy of India. Other nations scrap their failures; we promote them—perhaps it's because we are so used to them.

A Continental Compliment—

From the *Paris and Continental News*: "Mr. Bottomley is a factor in the sum of the British people's opinions—a factor whose value the war has immensely increased." We bow.

And Another One.

Thus a Tommy: "Heartiest congratulations on being the only one in the photographs in the papers, with gas gadget properly adjusted. It is just like you to be right." What a bit of luck!

Our Forebear.

We have been called over the coals by several readers for speaking of "our forebear Horatius of Tuscany." Don't we know, we are asked, that "the hero of the Gate" was a Roman? Of course we do, but don't we speak of Kitchener of Khartoum?

Literature.

We recently condemned the *Nation* for a scandalous aspersion upon the British soldier. It occurred in the course of a little story of the trenches, in which the author spoke of our boys as surging over the parapet "with oaths on their lips and a courage, *born of terror*, in their hearts." Now we are told that we do not know "what literature means." Well, give us journalism.

Government Economy.

This from a well-known clergyman: "The Government has just come down here and commandeered for aviation purposes the best piece of corn-growing land in the district, whilst a mile and a half away is an enormous stretch of waste land upon which nothing can grow, with good roads in all directions." We have sent full particulars to Mr. Prothero.

North Salford.

Elsewhere we deal with the significance of this election. Here, we wish again to emphasise the impracticability of a General Election until a new Register has been prepared. Although the present state of things is all in favour of the Party Machines, to take the votes of about a third of the total electorate and call it the "voice of the country" would be even "too thick" a thing for the Politicians.

Bravo, British Gunners!

Hats off to the British boys who, in the Italian debacle, saved all our guns. Glorious lads—God bless them!

Are you availing yourself of our Free Air Raid Insurance? See Coupon, page iii of Cover.

More Government Waste.

About a fortnight ago the proprietor of the Welshpool *County Times* applied to the Royal Commission on Paper for a wastepaper permit to carry on till the end of the month. He got it, but the officials of the Commission used nine large and small sheets of paper—four measuring 18 ins. by 12 ins.—to inform him of the fact. And so the economy cant of officialdom proceeds.

Feeding Like Hogs.

German prisoners on the land are quartered at Rochford Workhouse, and the British officer in charge told the Guardians it was necessary to provide food as for 120 to feed 100; "if a man was expected to work, he must be well fed, and Germans had immensely good appetites." Oh, British Brother Hodge, toiling on the land, do you receive full rations and one-fifth over?

A Controller Indeed.

Todmorden has on its Food Control Committee a gentleman who controls the food all right. This gentleman, Mr. Harry King, a grocer and confectioner, was recently "fined £5 for selling beans above the price fixed by the Food Controller." Is Mr. King on the local Committee now, or have his colleagues awarded him the Order of the Boot and signified the same in the usual manner?

Sweet Simplicity.

The parson who offers the Simple Life at £10 a week to nervous people is the Rev. W. C. Hawksley, Rector of Michelmersh, Hants. The net value of his living, according to "Crockford," is £560 a year, with a house; the population is 320. Anxious not to miss a bite on his bait, he will telegraph to one in a hurry, carefully stipulating that the inquirer must take pot-luck. Pot-luck combined with the Simple Life ("wine not included") does not seem cheap at £10 weekly.

To Oblige the Middleman.

From an advertisement in a provincial newspaper:—"Ministry of Munitions. Sale of Firewood. The Ministry of Munitions for War invites tenders for the purchase of 800 tons of firewood lying in the neighbourhood of Swindon." The very next advertisement runs:—"Army Contracts. Tenders for the Supply of Kindling Wood . . . at Bath, will be received at the undermentioned office." Surely no two Government Departments would be permitted to play such a game of cross purposes in any land but this.

Like Father, Unlike Son.

Mr. R. Strang, of Exeter, a delegate to the East Devon Congregational Union, suffers from a moral squint. He "feels persuaded," to use his own cautious expression, that "Conscientious Objectors are men of backbone." After this, we are a little surprised to learn that Mr. Strang has a son who has twice been wounded in his country's cause. Has it never occurred to Mr. Strang, of Exeter, that in exalting the Conscientious Object he is insulting the patriotism and belittling the heroism of his gallant boy?

Common and Dirty.

Henry O. King, in the hay and corn line at Wolverhampton, obtained more exemption from Oxford Tribunal for one of his men, a hay cutter. Said King, his man was skilled, and it would be "foolish to put him into the Army to do common, dirty work." Also, said King, he once employed soldiers who were worth their money; "to-day he was paying them 6s. a day and they weren't worth 2d. a month." We have the honour to disbelieve King; we are sure he is not the man to pay without getting value for his money. And we are sorry the Tribunal granted his plea, after his "common, dirty" insult to the Army.

Where, Oh Where?

"Where," demands a "Harassed Housewife," "is all the controlled tea?" Good gracious! If we could answer that question, we would go and buy a pound.

A Clerk's Pay.

This is unworthy:—"Wanted, by Electric Railway, South London district, discharged soldier for clerical work; wages, 25s. per week, plus war wage." Of course they want to catch a man with a pension; in order to live in any decency he will have to depend on the money paid him by the State, and not upon "wages."

Their Idle Boats.

At the beginning of war, fishermen as a body were ordered off the sea. They laid-up their craft, and went mine-sweeping. Now, when they get a little leave, they are faced with bills for harbour dues for their boats laid by and out-of-work. If ever there was a case for relief, this seems to be one. To make them pay for the enforced idleness of their boats is cruel.

Getting Civilised.

It is perhaps a sign of the humanising effects of war that District Registrars have received instructions from head-quarters that the hateful word "illegitimate" need no longer be employed in registering the births of "unwanted" children. Poor little mites!—their lot in life is hard enough without any such cruel official label. And this nation can no longer afford to look with contempt upon any precious unit of human life.

Nursing Honours.

Considerable dissatisfaction exists in regard to the recent list of matrons and nurses connected with Red Cross work and "recommended for conspicuous service." In the Midlands feeling is particularly strong, the case of the Matron of the Olton V.A.D. Hospital, holding the highest diplomas and possessing twelve years' record as a Sister in Birmingham, being cited as a remarkable instance of official oversight. Lord Derby, please note.

Hard Lines.

An old, retired cabman obtained at Bow Street a pedlar's licence. Then he moved to Camden Town, where he was required to take out a new licence at the Albany Street Police Station. Moreover, between the two offices the police contrived to lose the poor old fellow's papers, so that at Albany Street, although he had paid his money, he was kept waiting 24 days for his new permit, during which time he was unable to ply his humble calling. Poor old chap!

"Somewhere in Kent."

It appears that at a camp "somewhere in Kent," the comforting hot tea and biscuits before early parade have been discontinued. A Private named McLeod, a lad of 18, died of heart failure during early morning exercise, and a doctor at the inquest stated that "a hot drink would have reduced the strain on the heart"—meaning, we take it, it might have saved his life. Do the officers turn out at 6.30 a.m. without something warm?

Hunimmediate.

A short time ago a Government tug was ordered to assist a vessel ashore and get her off, returning to port. The tug's time sheet was subsequently sent to the Commander in charge, 100 per cent. extra being asked for on account of being called into the danger zone. "Will allow 25 per cent.," was the reply returned, "as the crew were in no immediate danger, only by mines and submarines." This commander evidently is a real war economist. He only pays top prices for something sudden.

Our Christmas Gift to you! Full particulars next week.

"Up-To-Date."

A lady occupies a two-inch space in the *Morning Post* in advertising for an "up-to-date housekeeper." There are "two in family, three children of schoolroom age," and she already employs a resident governess, a lady nurse, eight women servants, and a butler. Wonder whether she has any room for a mistress of the wardrobe or a groom of the stole?

The Female Slave-Driver.

"Soldier's wife would like work daily, or sewing," ran a recent advertisement. Among the replies received was this gem from Southport:—"Mrs. S. will be glad to know if you would be willing to come for three hours a day to assist in work at a flat, at the rate of 6d. a day." The lady has not accepted the creature's terms.

Waste Bread—by the Ton.

While the Magistrates are fining humble folk here and there for feeding odd crusts to cats and dogs and chickens, the Army is still indulging in an orgy of waste. A Southover agent for feeding stuffs has recently been dealing in camp-waste bread at the rate of £16 5s. a ton. The blame, however, is not his; it lies with the Army system, which enables such scandals to continue without adequate check.

The Empty Firsts.

Very often the Underground railways are so crowded that tired and dusty soldiers, travelling with rifles and full packs, have to stand wedged together. But the first-class compartments are empty, or nearly so. A lady, who had often noticed this, led the way from third to first, and the soldiers took the hint. "They were so pleased," she says, "because they could sit down!" It is a small thing to give the boys so great a pleasure; will not the railways wink when a weary soldier travels first, under compulsion?

Bars of Iron.

Staffordshire ironsmiths still forge Army bedsteads out of solid iron bars, to a pattern adopted and settled upon about seventy years ago. The only difference is one of six inches in the width, all modern inventions in the bedstead-making line being ignored, including the use of tubular iron. By keeping to the old style the Army pays a contract price of £5 7s. each. Rather than adopt a much cheaper and equally serviceable pattern, it prefers to throw away much money.

"Muffs" and Stoles.

Once more let our readers be warned against Hamilton Belmont, of 3, Aubert Park, Highbury Park, N., whose tricks we have repeatedly exposed. When he advertises, as he has lately been doing, "Handsome £10 10s. set, latest fashion muff and stole, new this year; accept 50s.," he is merely baiting a trap for another kind of "muff." Quite recently a victim instructed his solicitor to sue in the County Court for the recovery of the money paid to Belmont for a worthless gramophone—and he paid up, with costs, before the day of hearing. *Verb. sap.*

Spontaneous Combustion.

Volunteers of St. Ives, Hunts, for many months guarded a building containing about 400 tons of Government hay. Some weeks ago the guard reported that the trusses were badly overheating, and they said so on three successive nights. Two officers came and inspected, the volunteers were thanked for their services, and told they would not be required any longer. In place of their duty, done willingly free of charge, it was undertaken by a night watchman, salary 28s. weekly. And now the hay and the building have been burned to the ground—just because that forage was not shifted when ordinary experience recognised the necessity.

Black Diamonds.

Testimony accumulates that the coalmen are landing on the public at 35s. a ton all the sweepings of their sidings and all the slate and muck they can rake up for a blend which won't warm, won't burn, and makes a vile mess all over the hearth. What is the Coal Controller going to do about it?

Politeness is a Virtue.

He lives near Harlow, and we suppose he is a gentleman. Yet when the soldier-driver of a motor-lorry, whose little lot had broken down, asked permission to use his telephone to summon aid from headquarters, it was curtly refused. The result was that the man had to stand by his lorry all night long. A nice, kind, polite gentleman, that.

"Anonymous Offenders."

In our recent comment, under this heading, on the sugar prosecutions at Stoke-on-Trent, we stated that one of the defendants was the wife of a member of the Board of Guardians of that place. We find that this was an error, made by a reporter who transmitted the news to the London papers, and much regret that any annoyance should have been caused to innocent parties.

Sweets to the Sweet.

Not yet have the grocers and provision merchants ceased to tumble over each other for the honour of serving people with sugar—the very people they have almost kicked out of the shop for daring to ask for it. Here, for the latest, is James Blackledge and Sons, Ltd., of Liverpool and district, offering a quarter pound of cocoa "free on receipt of your sugar card." Anybody bid as high as a grand piano, to have ours?

Generosity.

"With a view of helping in respect of the increased cost of hotel expenses," Messrs. Duck, Son and Pinker, Ltd., of Putney Bridge, Bath, have increased the wages of their piano-tuners by as much as 2s. a week. To make up for this lavish sacrifice of dividends, the firm ask each tuner to make an effort to do two extra tunings a week; so that for every two shillings the firm would gather in at least 10s. On this account, any rumours in the piano trade that the tuners are about to hold a thanksgiving service should be regarded with contemptuous unbelief.

A Fiendish Junior.

Hubert Barnes, 12, of Darlington, is a junior fiend; he ought to have been a Germhun. Already on probation, and admitted to be a bad lot for his size, he tried to choke a cat. Failing, he gouged out its eyes, and then killed it with a brick; all this because he "saw the cat on the wall," and "thought" it was "the one that had worried his rabbits." He merely received six strokes of the birch and was placed on probation again. We know what will happen to Hubert if his mother does not also get the whip hand of him.

"An Officer and a Gentleman."

"A Father" writes: "I see that in one of your 'Candids' you take some Military Representatives to task for conducting themselves before the Tribunals as if they were the whole British Army. Happily there are others. I have myself been recently concerned in a very tangled matter with the Military Representative of Wandsworth, Lieut. Caulfield, and—despite my disagreement with his official attitude on a technical point—his courtesy, his pains, his patience, and that quality which we all agree to describe as 'gentlemanliness' were weighed to me in full measure with his zeal against me." Glad to hear that there is at least "one righteous."

If you want a fine plump Turkey for your Christmas Dinner see page 24.

A DIRTY GAME—AND HOW IT IS PLAYED.

HONOUR-SELLING WHIPS AND "HONOURABLE" HUCKSTERS.

BY JOHN FLINT.

HAS anybody been shocked by the Parliamentary debate on the sale of Honours? I am afraid not. Why? Because the secret was blown upon long ago. Long ago, while the gentlemen of England, elective or hereditary rulers of our nation, were busy denying that honours were sold—or, what is worse, refusing to say anything about it and putting a muzzle on anybody who tried to say anything—the common people of these islands knew that honours *were* being sold. And we just laughed. That was the terrible thing about it.

No Faith in Parliament.

It is a bad thing that there should be corruption in politics. It is a worse thing that everybody should know about it and nobody should mind—or seek to remedy matters. For a long time we have had no faith in Parliament and its works (if you call them works!), for they were simply the works of a machine. We know all about the caucus; we know that hardly any Members of Parliament represented their constituencies, and that they were in Parliament either for what they could get out of the caucus, or for what the caucus could get out of them. Amidst all this rottenness, it seemed almost a decent commercial transaction when a big money-grubber paid a lump sum down and got a title for it. Only one thing made us uneasy—*the suspicion that perhaps he got something else.* Naturally enough, these things were not talked about in Parliament. Sometimes A on the Front Opposition Bench winked across at B on the Treasury Bench, and coughed; but that was all. When an honest Member did get up and try to make a fuss, shocked Parliament said "Hush!" or "Shame!" or "Order, order!" and the Speaker sat on him. It was like the member of a pirate crew wanting to talk about the rights of property. At the next election something funny would happen in that man's constituency, *and that man would disappear.* It was beautifully managed, and the British public, having no belief in anything that Parliament could do for it, felt inclined to clap its hands and say "How neat!"

Six Hundred Adventurers.

As for the sale of honours—well, after all, what does the sale of a few trumpery titles matter when the British Parliament had sold its honour wholesale and retail, carriage paid? What did it matter if a few adventurers were grafted into the House of Lords when six hundred odd adventurers were grafted into the House of Commons? Nothing at all! What did matter was that we knew these things, and we only laughed. We laugh now when noble lords, speaking with ill-suppressed indignation, tell us that honours are sold. Should we laugh just as much if they told us, what is just as true, that policy is sold? Should we laugh if we were told that the reason why Britain had not a big enough Army and Navy when the war broke out was because Quaker millionaires were liberal subscribers to the Party funds? Should we laugh if we were told that things needed to be done for the good of the people were left undone because "big interests" were liberal subscribers to the Party funds? Should we laugh if we were told that the reason why we get bad beer at high prices, or no beer at all, is because the big brewers subscribe to the Tory Party funds and the big Teetotalers to the Liberal Party funds? Should we laugh if we were told that the Insurance Act was passed because certain employers of labour, big subscribers to the Party funds, wanted it passed and brought the usual "pressure" to bear? I think not. In that open, yet mysterious way in which a dead secret is talked about in this free England of ours, we talk about these things, and they make us angry. But we split our sides when noble lords lash themselves into a lofty rage because a lump sum went into a fat Party treasury, and a slim coronet went on a fat head. But what I want to know is why the noble lords tell us these things now. Why, when it used to be shocking for Bottomley or Belloc to breathe a word of it in the Commons, is it magnificent for the Earl of Tomnoddy to shout it in the Lords? Do you want to know why? It is because the title market has closed its operations. There has been a big burst lately, and that is the end of it. The Party machine doesn't want to sell, and, as a matter of fact, the big-bug doesn't want to buy. He is going to specialise on measures—or jobs.

Dirtiest Part of the Business.

Jobs are increasing daily. There is a job for almost every man's friends. If the jobs won't go round, you set up a new Department for the Control of Baked Beans or the State Supervision of Working-Class Households. Jobbery, jobbery, jobbery—officials and officials and officials—jobs for men who, if they had only served their King as they served their Party, would be dying in the trenches instead of putting by a comfortable income for their old age. We are ruled by officials nowadays, and the Party wire-pullers are grumbling at having to buy their M.P.s. They have to buy them, however, because a free Parliament might struggle to get back some of its old power. But the sale of honours! Bless their dear old souls! As if we didn't see the hall-mark of the Party on every coronet. Remember this! We can't paint the Party Whips a beautiful black and leave everybody else as white as a lily. Prime Ministers know and have winked at it. The mud of the sale of honours is over them all. Nor is the Party the only culprit. It was said of Mr. Asquith that politics is a dirty game, but he played it like a gentleman. That may be said of the Party Whips. The sale of honours is a dirty game, but for the Whip it is a plain commercial transaction. He has to find the money, and poor human nature being what it is, he goes to work the easiest way to get it. Easy come, easy go—the man who has "made his pile," the vulgarian with a big watch chain, is ready to pay the price to become Sir More Riches or Lord Hard Cash. He doesn't care what use is made of the money—it may even become a weapon to fight the class from which he sprang. And so the money is transferred from the pocket of the big-bug to the Party Fund. Nobody suggests that any of it sticks to Whips' fingers. *But it does stick elsewhere.* There are honours bought when not a penny goes to the Party, but to ladies and gentlemen, honourable ladies and gentlemen, "who are in a position to bring influence to bear." And that which the free laws of England will not allow us to do more than hint at, is the dirtiest part of the dirty business. There is, of course, another reason why paymasters and payees of the more official sort are inclined to close the account and make open confession. The common people of these islands are kicking against the caucus. In North Salford and elsewhere there are signs that really popular representative candidates may get into Parliament. It is only a dim beginning at present, and perhaps the evil day of the Parties may be delayed by confessing a little—a very little—of the Party crime. But don't be bamboozled! Don't think that if the Sale of Honours has stopped corruption has stopped. You have to kill bribery for the sake of a job. You have to kill bribery for the sake of a measure. *And you have to insist here and now on the publication of the accounts of the Secret Party Funds.*

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Ben Tillett, M.P.

MY DEAR BEN,—So you have done it at last. For several years we have "stumped" the country together—and many a heart to heart talk have we had on the fraud of that Party machine which you have now nearly smashed. Elsewhere I say what I think of you and of your great victory. Here, I simply say, "Shake!"—and when you get back to town (Treating Order notwithstanding) we'll drink success to your Parliamentary career. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. George Streetley, Joint Secretary, National Federation of Allotment Holders.

DEAR ALLOTEER,—I daresay you mean well—but so, for the matter of that, do many cranks. Not that I include you in that category, but I do wish you would be a little more careful in your style of expression. It may be true, as you suggest, that "the cultivation of allotments will make the towns better places for the soldiers to come back to," but when you go on to suggest that, save for your pet nostrum, "the street-corners, the public-houses and perhaps the lock-up will be waiting" for our khaki heroes, you are talking out of the back of your neck in a way which riles me terribly and earns you the enmity of the men you are seeking to serve.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William Schofield, Barge Owner, Sheffield.

SIR,—I cannot say whether you were responsible for the prosecution at Sheffield of the skipper of one of your barges for certain thefts of flour. However, I am interested in your admission that the man's weekly wage "would not be 30s., if as much," and in your further statement that "at times he might have had some weeks to wait for money on which to live." In these circumstances, I am not altogether surprised that the poor fellow should have been tempted to take liberties with your cargo. However, as I say, I am not sure that you were responsible for the prosecution. On the whole, I rather hope you were not. JOHN BULL.

To E. Tindal Atkinson, Esq., K.C., Recorder of Leeds.

DEAR RECORDER,—I owe you an apology, and I hasten to tender it. The mistake was all due to that genial person the local reporter. I find that in the Leeds pickpocket case about which I recently wrote you, it was your Deputy who passed sentence on the sixteen-year-old girl, and that she was sent not to penal servitude, but to three years' Borstal treatment. And from all I hear it was evidently the best thing that could have happened to her. An expert thief at so young an age offers a difficult problem to law and Justice.
JOHN BULL.

To John Newsome Wright, Esq., Farmer, Terrington, Norfolk.

DEAR SIR,—Don't you think that, as a Magistrate, you might have shown a little more decency and dignity towards the police when you were fined the other day at the Petty Sessions for failing to display a proper record of the persons in your employment? After all, Superintendent Barrett was only doing his duty, and to tell him in Court that "men like me are feeding well-paid officers like you," was an uncalled-for insult. Then, when the Magistrates retired to confer upon your case, you indulged in an angry colloquy with the Superintendent—who, however, returned as good as you gave when he declared that the claim to special consideration by a farmer on patriotic grounds was nonsensical, seeing that he grew food for personal profit. Hardly the way to secure respect for the law. Try in future to set an example to law-breakers.
JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Percy Ineson, Bold Street Wesleyan Church, Warrington.

DEAR PERCY,—In the course of your Sunday evening deliverance you observed that the cry for reprisals made you want to hide your head for shame. If you would go and stay in some crowded town where air raids have been many, and would remain there while such an inferno was in progress, I expect you would hide, not only your head, but all the rest of your carcass, in the deepest cellar you could find.
JOHN BULL.

To Sir Albert Spicer, Bart., M.P. for Central Hackney.

DEAR SIR ALBERT,—I have seen your public announcement that you voted for Mr. Redmond's Irish amendment while intending to vote for the Government. Sounds almost as if the girl who took the wrong turning tried to excuse herself by saying she got into the wrong lobby. Still, such mistakes have happened before, and I daresay will be committed again, especially by M.P.s who do themselves well at dinner—though I imagine they have also been made by some strictly addicted to water, as doubtless in your case. Think what might have happened had you been a majority of one and upset the Government. JOHN BULL.

To Second-Lieut. T. E. Graham, M.C., Scottish Rifles.

DEAR GRAHAM,—Because you are the son of a journalist and the nephew of a journalist—the proprietors of the *Wolverhampton Express and Star*—it gives me peculiar pleasure to see that you have just been awarded the Military Cross "for determination and coolness when on patrol." You discovered a foot-bridge over—well, I won't mention the river—and crossed it with only one man, making a thorough reconnaissance "in spite of the fact," according to the official description, "that the enemy were only a few yards away." The next day you discovered a second bridge, and although the enemy opened fire at close range, you obtained valuable information and successfully got away with your patrol. Wolverhampton should be proud of you. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edward Henry, Commissioner of Metropolitan Police.

DEAR COMMISSIONER,—A Harrow "Special" is very anxious that I should kick up a tremendous dust about "the serving out of moth-eaten, discarded ordinary police mackintosh capes to some of us." I am not clear from his letter whether his grievance is peculiar to the Harrow district, or whether it has reference to the Metropolitan area. Personally, I have formed a high opinion of the services rendered by these gentlemen, and the ass who is shoving on to them these second-hand garments with the idea of economising the National Debt ought to have his feed of hay and thistles stopped at once. JOHN BULL.

To Francis A. Cox, Esq., Secretary, National Equine Defence League.

DEAR MR. COX,—I notice with a great deal of satisfaction that, giving evidence in a horse cruelty case at Hayward's Heath, you suggested to the Magistrates that they should order the defendant to give up the animal. A man who is cruel to a horse is so obviously unfit to have charge of it that it has always been a surprise to me that Magistrates have not put into force against brutal owners sec. 3 of the Protection of Animals Act, 1911. This clause—as, of course, you know, and as apparently many Magistrates do not—gives them power to "deprive such person of the ownership of the animal," and to dispose of it as they think fit.
JOHN BULL.

To R. Harold Russell, Esq., Town Councillor, Lyme Regis.

DEAR HAROLD,—You made yourself supremely ridiculous when you tried conclusions with the Town Crier who was proclaiming in fine tones the contents of JOHN BULL. First you did your best to shout him down and then you brought into play a motor horn. Your Town Crier has good lungs, and although you keep the "Royal Lion" Hotel, your roar was that of any sucking dove. He got one back on you—and a beauty—when he answered your impertinent interference with the cry, "Lost, the manners of a gentleman. Anyone returning the same will do a public service to the town." Moreover, your vulgar annoyance was made the subject of protest at a meeting of the Town Council. What is the matter with you? Are you angry because JOHN BULL objects to "Ich Dien," which happens to appear on the sign-board of your hotel? Yet what has "Ich Dien" to do with a Royal Lion? We must ask the Town Crier to proclaim the answer in the streets of Lyme Regis.
JOHN BULL.

"DYING ALL DAY."

ANOTHER SCANDAL CALLING FOR A FULL INQUIRY.

Yet another case is before us of the callous treatment of a dying soldier—this time not in Ireland, where poor Corporal Quinn was threatened with the "clink" because he could not help showing his death agonies—but in this country, and at Croydon. Private John James Tait, aged 31, of the 13th Battn. Bedfordshire Regiment, whose home is at Portsmouth, was billeted at Duppas Hill, Croydon, and was compelled to continue his duties in spite of the fact that he had been reported upon as only fit to return to the hospital, where he had previously been—at Cambridge. Tait was found lying on his bed partly unconscious. Information as to his condition was conveyed to the Medical Officer, and so far as we can understand the facts a telephone message was sent to a local hospital for an ambulance. That was about 10.30 a.m. When the ambulance came Tait could not be moved *because it had no stretcher.* That was the end of the ambulance. Although Tait was obviously *in extremis*, all that he had throughout the day—he died at a few moments to six in the evening—was a *bottle of lemonade.* Think of it! Yet this man was in the death throes of pneumonia and chronic gastritis, and his end was brought about by syncope due to vomiting. It is no part of our business to "pile on the agony," but we cannot refrain from reflecting on the emotions of this dying man, left for hours without medical aid. We not only ask, we compel, the flower of our manhood to take up arms against the King's enemies. In the name of humanity, the nation has a right to demand that every soldier of the King shall be treated with kindness and consideration. Never let our fighting men feel that they are only so much "cannon fodder"—that awful phrase of Hunnish origin—and that a sick soldier may at times be treated with less consideration than a sick horse. We know that the Army Medical Service has reached a state of high professional efficiency; yet these cases of neglect—isolated though they happily are—do more harm than is undone by a thousand instances of prompt care. For, after all, the soldier has a *right* to proper treatment—it is a shameful *wrong* when he is scorned or neglected. In our view the facts revealed at the inquest—when the usual tame verdict "in accordance with the medical evidence," was returned—indicated a scandalous condition of affairs. "A very sad story of a man dying all day," was the Coroner's mild comment. It is one more shameful story of neglect of a "common soldier," and we call upon the authorities to hold at once a sworn inquiry into the matter. Capt. Forester, R.A.M.C., who was primarily responsible for the care of this unfortunate man, admitted that a note sent to him by the Adjutant of the 13th Battalion, requesting him to attend to Tait's case after the failure to remove him in an ambulance, did not reach him. It was properly sent to him at the Medical Inspection Room, but "he did not go to the room again that day, and *nothing was done.*" It would seem to the meanest intelligence that someone should be left in charge of the Inspection Room, so that so important a message for the Medical Officer should not have been left "on the table with other letters" until the day after poor Tait had breathed his last. Capt. Forester told the Coroner's jury that "the matter had now been rectified." "It's locking the door after the horse is stolen," was the Coroner's comment. So far as we can understand the story, there was from beginning to end a gross lack of proper system, and this want of organisation contributed to, if it did not cause, the death of Private Tait. To leave a man dying all day when there was a splendidly-equipped municipal ambulance in which the poor fellow could have been removed, only adds to the cruelty and callousness of this scandalous business. In the public interest, these things must not and shall not be hushed up. While we are awaiting the finding of the Military Court on the death of Corporal Quinn, we direct the attention of the authorities to the shameful neglect of Private Tait, and call for a full Inquiry. Someone certainly must be made to suffer.

BLACK LABOUR IN FRANCE.

THE PLAINT OF A "DEGRADED BANTU CORPORAL."

There is no problem more difficult of a just solution than the relation between the white and black races. But knotty as that question may be, we have to recognise the rights of every British subject, and the natives who have come under our flag must never be treated with harshness. Yet if the long and well-written letter which reaches us from one who signs himself "A Degraded Bantu Corporal" be true—and certainly the man's sentiments are sincerely expressed—then the treatment of the Africans who are with the Army in France leaves a good deal to be desired. Our correspondent first complains that the Colonel in charge of the S.A.N.L.C. has issued a declaration which is quite contrary to the written agreement, as it ordains that on terminating their services they will be paid off in France, although the original undertaking was that they should be discharged in Cape Town, near home—the wage to be £3 a month, subject to the condition that the agreement may be determined "at any time after the termination of the war, if that occurs before the expiration of the term for which the labourer is then serving." Another complaint is that when he and his friend enlisted, the understanding was that there were to be native sergeants, corporals and lance-corporals. This condition, it is alleged, has now been broken. Perhaps the most serious allegation concerns the treatment of the native contingent, who are kept strictly to their enclosed camp. There may be good disciplinary reasons for what is done. But in view of the appeal of a "Degraded Bantu Corporal," we feel it a duty to direct the attention of the authorities to native feeling, which is evidently very strong. These men are loyal to the backbone—they are enthusiastic over their treatment by the King when he toured the Front—but they have their feelings and those feelings must be respected.

BERE FERRERS TRAGEDY.

MORE LIGHT REQUIRED ON THE HUNGER FATALITY.

Following upon our disclosures of the facts connected with the fatal accident to a number of New Zealand soldiers at Bere Ferrers, and our comment on the evidence at the inquest, a military inquiry was held. The result, however, has not been wholly satisfactory, and we understand that those whose duty it is to represent the interests of the New Zealand troops in this country are putting forward a request for further action. The soldiers were 10 or 11 hours without food, and descended from the train when it pulled up at Bere Ferrers believing they were to receive rations—only to be cut up by a passing express. Our information is that the transport *Ulimaroa*, carrying the New Zealanders, arrived at Plymouth on September 24th. The men, served with breakfast at 6 a.m., were sent off without lunch. It appears constant complaints were made about the food on the voyage, and there were certain "regrettable incidents" about which the War Office might well make inquiry. The officers' breakfast was certainly ample even for war time. We set it out as it appears on a menu dated 4.8.17:—

Fruit in Season.
Rolled Oats. Force.
Fried Fillet of King Fish.
Grilled Rump Steak and Onions.
Calves' Liver Bordelaise.
Broiled Breakfast Bacon.
Plain and Savoury Omelettes.
Irish Stew.
Chipped and Mashed Potatoes.
Hot Rolls. Scones. Toast.
Preserves.
Tea. Coffee. Cocoa.

We should like to know what was the nature of the breakfast the New Zealanders were given at 6 o'clock on the morning of September 24th.

Miss Vi's home

is where that delightful beverage, Vi-Cocoa, is made. Made in Delectaland under such ideal conditions, could anything be other than wholesome and pure?

Vi-Cocoa is really so delicious that the ordinary sized cup only seems to tantalise the drinker of this delightful beverage.

But, of course, you really cannot buy cups as large as Miss Vi's, neither could such a wee kiddie use such a large cup, but—, the picture here of Miss Vi with her big cup is merely to express the feelings of all who drink Vi-Cocoa. You feel you *cannot* get enough from an ordinary cup, because it's so good and delicious.

On Sale Everywhere at Popular Prices.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., Ltd., proprietors of BOISSELIERS (Boy-sel-e-a) CHOCOLATES, VI-COCOA, and FREEMANS FOOD PRODUCTS DELECTALAND, WATFORD, England.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 1.

THE AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY FOR BRITAIN.

FULL FACTORIES AND EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL WORKERS.

THE cavalry of the clouds! What a thrill of pride the apt description brings to all who have watched the progress of our aerial forces during the great war. Eloquent at all times, the Prime Minister has given us in his eulogy of the new service another of these:

"Jewels five words long that on the stretched forefinger of all time will sparkle for ever."

As the cavalry of the clouds they shall be known for all time, and the pride we feel in them shall animate us to help them to cover themselves with still greater glory.

In his speech, which was a prose poem, Mr. Lloyd George described their work high above the squalor and the mud, so high in the firmament that they are not visible from earth. There they fight out the eternal issues of right and wrong. There they are struggling by day, yea, and by night, in that titanic conflict between the great foes of light and of darkness. They fight the foe high up and they fight him low down. They skim like armed swallows along the front, taking in their flights men armed with rifle and machine-gun. They scatter infantry on the march, they destroy convoys, they scatter dismay. Every fight is a romance, every record an epic.

The new service of Great Britain is one in which we can have the same national pride as we have in the Army and the Navy, for, though its traditions are not so old, they are as glorious, and in the short space of three years they have accomplished the deeds and won the battles of a lifetime.

It is incredible to learn what has been done in the three years, but Lord Curzon has told us exactly how we stood at the beginning of the war in plain figures.

Our aeroplane fleets could only be counted in hundreds, to-day we have thousands of machines and thousands of men. These have gained for us the supremacy of the air. They have driven the German scouts and battle forces from our lines, have dumped their bombs on German cities and towns, and at last made it possible to record in our communiqués: "Hostile aeroplanes attempted to raid the south-east counties to-night. Our aeroplanes went up and guns and lights were in action. *No hostile aeroplane succeeded in passing the outer defences.*"

How has all this been accomplished, and how henceforth must we work and plan to maintain the splendid supremacy we have gained?

To the work which was done by the pioneer firms at the beginning of the war we owe more than we can ever record in cold print.

Firms like Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., who foresaw what we would have to face, got their great factories together by a superhuman effort, and, by allowing no obstacles to daunt them, brought their work to the high state of efficiency for which they were aiming. The best brain, the best material, the best workmanship, all went to build up an industry second to none in the world, and to-day, thanks to the foresight of these pioneers, all we have to do is to carry on, increase the output of machines, and keep the new aircraft industry within the confines of our island home.

Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., have formulated great plans for maintaining the traditions of the air service and making the industry a British one. It requires a national effort to win the battles of the future. Germany is preparing for the grand clash of arms and the commercial battle after the war, and Germany must be beaten. The machines she is turning out now must be out-classed as fighters at the front, and driven back, or smashed if they come to our shores as raiders. We must also carry the war into their own country. We must punish them for their violation of all the rules of war, and at the same time give them no peace to prepare for competing with us when the fighting is done in the building of machines for the conquests of peace. Aeroplanes must not flood our markets with the old-time "Made in Germany" upon them. The workshops of Britain must give employment to tens of thousands of British workers, and, like our shipyards, must send the most reliable craft to all the centres of civilisation. Unemployment in the aircraft factories is a thing that need never be known if we build the foundations of the industry now and proceed to follow up our successes without a pause in the work.

Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., are already planning to add to their present great factories, to instal more machinery and employ as many British workmen as are essential to the success of the great scheme.

They are determined that they shall be able to build, and build speedily, every machine that the Government is able to place an order for the work at the Front. They are determined to be in a position to go on building machines for the fleets of the air that we will have to maintain for defence from now onwards. The Cavalry of the Air that the Prime Minister spoke about will never be disbanded. Its work will go on from greater to greater glory.

And Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., are also determined that the first fleets of commercial enterprise, which everyone knows are coming, will be launched into the air, not from Cuxhaven, or Berlin or Hamburg, but from the capital of this little island of ours which holds the dominion of the air and means to keep it.

By investing in air-craft shares the public of Britain can help in the great national effort. They can speed on the cavalry of the air, and help to establish the new industry of Britain.

It is a patriotic duty, and it is one which none will hesitate to make. Aircraft shares, it need scarcely be pointed out, will have a present and a future value. After the war the shares of the firms that built up a world-wide reputation, won their successes, and started to get ready for the work of the future while hostilities were still raging, will have a huge advantage over the firms that will spring up after the war. The man or woman, therefore, who invests his or her money now for patriotic reasons will be the envied of all when air-craft shares are the gilt-edged securities of the morrow.

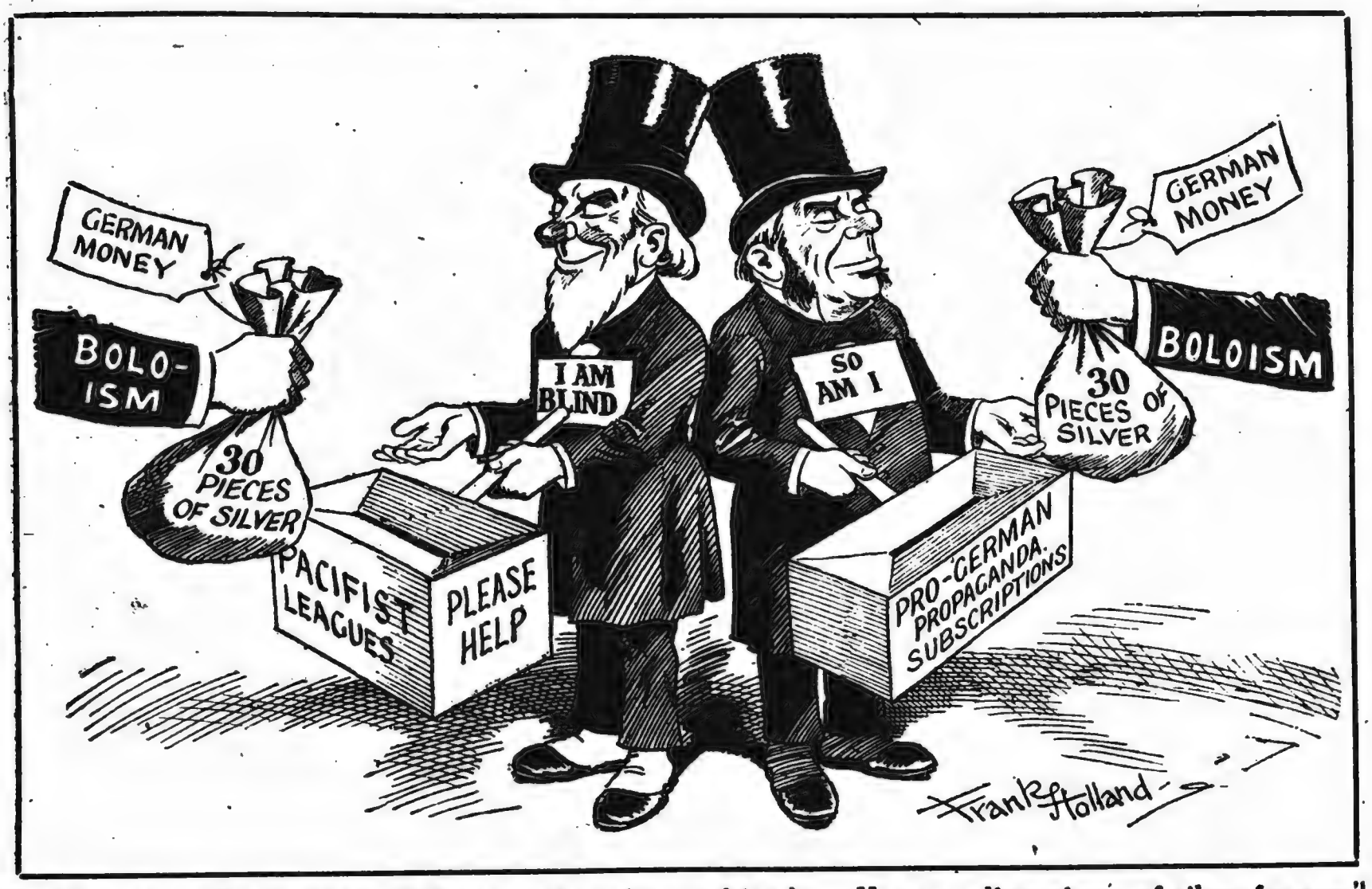
Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., invite the public to co-operate with them now in the work of aeroplane building.

Write to Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., care "John Bull," 92, Long Acre, W.C.2, for a copy of "Aircraft: The New British Industry."—*(Advt.)*

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 1.

HELPING "HANS."

There's none so blind, as all agree,
As those who do not wish to see.



THE GENEROUS STRANGERS: "Ve sympatize mit you. friendts, Here are dirty pieces of zilver for you."

A WANTON FINE.

NEEDLESS AFFRONT TO SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

That "circumstances alter cases" is a maxim applying with peculiar force to the administration of justice. As an example, when a chauffeur—a discharged soldier of exemplary character—in the employment of Mrs. Hoare, of Grey's Court, Sutton, Surrey, was charged before the Kingston County Bench with exceeding the speed limit, the Magistrates might well have inquired more fully into the "circumstances." Had they done so, they would have discovered several extenuating ones. For instance, they would have learned that at the time of the alleged offence the car was carrying a party of wounded soldiers, the reason for the hurry being that, by the rules of the Holborn Military Hospital, Mitcham, where the men were quartered, they must be in by 7 p.m., and in her desire to give the patients a handsome outing the good lady had cut things rather fine. Even if the speed of the car was a trifle in excess of the legal limit, the chauffeur, a careful driver with no mark of any sort against him, seems to have taken no serious risk, the road being quite clear at the time. However, none of these facts seems to have impressed the Magistrates, a fine of £2 and costs being imposed. We cannot compliment the Kingston Justices upon this decision. For a first offence, in the circumstances related, there was surely no need to impose a fine at all. A word of caution, a genial reprimand, would have been more than sufficient. Mrs. Hoare has been a faithful friend of the wounded soldiers at the Holborn Military Hospital, often carrying them in her car as far afield as Eastbourne and Brighton; and although as we say, she has a right to complain of the hasty action of the police and Magistrates, she may perhaps find some consolation in the warm gratitude of the men whose weary lot she has done so much to lighten, and whose wounds she has helped to heal.

LIBEL NO CRIME.

A CHALLENGE TO TRADE-UNION MEMBERS.

It appears that, under the Unemployment Section of the National Insurance Act, an unscrupulous employer is, in certain circumstances, permitted, if not encouraged, to libel a workman to his heart's delight, the unfortunate victim being robbed of all means of redress. This, at any rate, is the inference from a recent High Court decision in a case where a member of the Wheelwrights' Union brought an action against his former employer in respect of a report furnished to the Labour Exchange. The employer, it was contended, had unjustly accused the workman of unfitness and incompetence, in such a way as seriously to injure his prospects of future employment. If this allegation was justified, as the man claimed, the wrong he had sustained was actionable without further proof of damage. Yet when application was made to the Minister of Labour to produce the private report in question, which had been filed at the Labour Exchange, Sir David Shackleton was put up to say, on behalf of the Ministry, that to do so would be "against public policy." Rather tamely, Mr. Justice Bray seems to have accepted this view of the matter—which is obviously fraught with considerable peril to the interests of workmen in general. For the purposes of the Unemployment Insurance Act, it may perhaps be necessary that confidential reports should be received from employers; but the contention that they are so absolutely privileged as to defeat an action for libel removes the last safeguard for fair dealing in the matter, and leaves a dishonest employer an open road for the gratification of private spite or other unworthy sentiments. That this preposterous claim should be advanced by the Ministry of Labour under the direction of Mr. Hodge, and voiced in court by Sir D. J. Shackleton, another promoted Labour leader, is an irony of circumstance.

WHY I

Who are the Lunatics?—Who a

By THE

MY recent declaration that in the opinion of everyone at the Front—*from the High Command, downwards*—the enemy will have collapsed in the West by Christmas, and that that means the end of the war, has caused quite a hullabaloo; whilst, of course, the setback in Italy—*which I say, and say deliberately, did not come as a very great surprise to the War Office*—has afforded the Dismal Jimmies a fine opportunity of wagging their heads once more, and shedding copious tears of desolation and despair.

Why I Say It!

Now let us come to business. Why do I say these things? Let me remind you that I have expressly stated that I claim no special qualification to enable me to form any idea of my own beyond such as is open to every man of ordinary intelligence after seeing things for himself. What I have said I have based upon the opinions of *the men who do know*—and upon the information they were good enough to give me. To sum it all up once more, it comes to this—that in the West, where the war began, it will end; that in that theatre we have the enemy absolutely beaten; that the German lines are about to break; and that when the debacle sets in—the war is over. Whilst Haig—handicapped by weather conditions—is doing his work, with dogged determination and, practically, without check, all sorts of other things may happen. Russia may throw up the sponge; Italy may suffer further reverses—or she may yet drive the Germans back. In the East we may or may not follow up our recent successes—but *whatever* happens elsewhere, the West is the determining factor—and in the West all is well. And now forgive me for once again reminding you that they from whom I gathered my information do not stand alone in their optimism. Is General Smuts a fool? After all, he is the only man of military knowledge in the War Cabinet. What does *he* say—"The war is over." Is Admiral Jellicoe an idiot? What does *he* say—"The war is all but won." I'll deal with the politicians in a moment—those lugubrious gentlemen who never say the same thing twice running, and who are making absolute asses of themselves to-day. In a sense, of course, Mr. Churchill's post is quasi-military—and he *has* been to the Front. It is only right, therefore, to remember his warning the other day that, whilst as Munitions Minister he is compelled to budget for next year, it is "a thin partition which separates the enemy from utter collapse."

Liars or Lunatics?

Have you noticed there has been no disclaimer from Headquarters of what I have reported as its solemn and expert view—nor have General Smuts and Admiral Jellicoe withdrawn their words? Let us, then, endeavour to fathom the mystery. We are evidently dealing with either liars or lunatics. Which are which? We have had some amazing puzzles of late. Take the Prime Minister himself. Do you remember that eloquent peroration of his a month or two ago, when he told us that over the hills and crags he saw "the dawning sun of victory"? I suppose you will all agree that that meant that he scented, or rather discerned, Peace in the offing. Yet the other day, at the Albert Hall, *before any bad news from Italy*, and after an unbroken series of successes by Haig, he declared that he "saw no signs of peace anywhere"! Why, that dawning sun ought by then to have been at its full meridian! Now upon which of the two occasions was Mr. Lloyd George telling us the truth—or was his much overwrought mind wandering at one time or the other? Take Sir Edward Carson. Until quite recently he has been anything but an optimist. Now he sees the beginning of the end! On the other hand, Sir Eric Geddes, who, till a few months ago, was a North-Eastern Railway director, and who is now head of the "King's Navee," comes along and says "The country has accepted the view that we must lay our plans for a long war," and that *he* sees "no prospect of a short war." Who on earth is Sir Eric Geddes that he should assume the mantle of a military prophet? Just consider. His own chief naval adviser, Admiral Jellicoe, says "the war is all but won," and now this naval novitiate asks the House of Commons to take no notice of his irresponsible "underling," and, by insinuation, tells us that "the country" takes no notice of him either! Doesn't Sir Eric realise that, with this fundamental divergence of opinion between himself and his expert adviser, it is imperative that one or other of them should "go"? And will Jellicoe take this snub lying down? And how, in the name of Heaven, can the Prime Minister hope to carry on the war with this sort of friction at the Admiralty? In the same way, how can he allow a member of his War Cabinet to go about the country expressing just the opposite of his own views as to the prospects of early peace? What about the old doctrine of Cabinet responsibility? How Mr. Asquith must be laughing! There can be but one explanation—either lying or lunacy. In the most literal sense of the phrase—you pay your money and you may take your choice. I don't like applying rude epithets to Ministers of the Crown—but they leave me no alternative. I prefer, as I said on my return from France, to pin my faith to the soldier—the politician is hopeless. Only the other day we were being assured that Russia would yet recover herself and prove an active fighter in the Allied cause! I don't want to rub it in too much, or I would quote you a remarkable assurance to that effect, made on behalf of the Government within the past few weeks—just after I had written that "Russia as an Ally has ceased to count, and we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that we must finish the war without her."

From the Trenches.

Believe me, they are not laughing, in the Trenches, at the idea of early peace. Within the past few days I have received a letter from a distinguished officer, who is, perhaps, more intimately in touch with the situation in the West than any other man with the exception of Haig himself. Here is the last paragraph:

I SAY IT!

ho are the Liars?—The Handwriting.

THE EDITOR.

"I think you will find the war will be over this year." And I also have a letter from Mr. Victor Grayson, the ex-M.P., whose name is familiar to us all. He is now what he calls "a full-fledged Private" on the Western Front. This is what *he* says: "One is very near to the heart of things here, and recent events convince me that we may eat our Christmas turkey in a satisfactory peace this year. Fritz is genuinely terrified and fed up"; and he goes on to describe the captured German prisoners as "the most pitiable, cowering skunks it is possible to imagine—ranging in age from 15 to 25—ghastly white, trembling, and gone over at the knees." And almost every other letter I get tells the same story. Of course, they may all be wrong. The New Year may come and find us still marking time for the Spring weather. Haig's plans may all "gang a-gley"; the submarines may cripple our mercantile marine; aeroplanes may play havoc with our lives and homes. Italy may follow Russia, and in the East the Turk may prevail. I have given up prophesying "on my own"—but if these things come to pass, well, I shall not mince words about the Experts. But in the meantime, my trust is in Haig and his men, in Jellicoe and his Jacks—in Smuts, and all the others who know—or should know—what they are talking about. But please remember, I am but the chronicler and reporter of their views. If I put my money on them it is because they are the men on the spot, the men who are actually fighting the war. They have no axes to grind—and they don't say to-day the opposite of what they said yesterday. *They* are neither liars nor lunatics. And now, as I write, comes the news of a big German retreat on the Western Front. Perhaps even Sir Eric Geddes may be able to reconcile this event with the theatrical demonstration in Italy. Still, *I* won't be tempted to say more at present.

The Handwriting.

But I would very seriously warn the Government that it is getting out of touch with public sentiment East Islington was a pointer, for there the two non-Coalition candidates, between them, polled nearly as many votes as the official nominee. But what shall we say of Salford? It is quite an error to attribute Mr. Tillett's remarkable victory to the Docker vote He has been elected by *North* Salford, and the Docker strength is in South. But, be that as it may, how can Mr. Lloyd George draw any other moral than that the people—be they Dockers or Dukes—are sick of their rulers? In North Salford, by nearly two to one, they have voted for a Ruthless Crusade Against Profiteering; More Efficient Control of Food and A More Equitable Distribution; the Destruction of the Shipping and Transport Ring—and Ruthless Reprisals on a Gigantic Scale. *That* is the sort of strong meat which the people require—the pap and baby-biscuits of the old Party days have all turned sour, and must be thrown away. This election result is the Handwriting on the Wall. Let the Government take note of it. It is the Voice of Protest expressed under the most difficult conditions of a criminally stale Register, and with the two Party Machines joined to fight the man of independent views and to cripple independent action. It is a declaration, in terms that Downing Street best understands, that the country is tired of half measures, and is determined to have iron warfare and a speedy victory. And I warn Ministers that in the new Member they will find a doughty critic. There is no namby-pamby, tub-thumping cant about him. He is a broad-minded and deep-souled man of the world, claiming no moral or religious superiority over his fellows—just as good, and just as bad, as the average man, and therefore qualified to represent him. His presence in the House will infuse new life and spirit into the Labour Party—of which he will automatically become, if not the titular, undoubtedly the actual, Leader. I suppose the next thing we shall have will be a Defence of the Realm Regulation, that there shall be no more contested elections till after the war! Verily, I have not been preaching in vain!

"Mischievous Optimism."

And now a word about my "mischievous optimism"—I think that is what *The Times* calls it. Apart from the fact that it isn't *mine*, but is that of the soldiers, let us see what mischief it does. Here is what one poor mother writes: "I thank you from the depths of my soul for your articles. Your words have brought comfort to my heart and tears to my eyes—tears I have longed to shed. I have lost three sons in this awful war—and I can now thank God that He has honoured me by wanting them." And here is another: "I no longer grieve; you have made me supremely happy and proud. I willingly give up my dear man to the Great Cause and to God—and I bless you for your inspiring and comforting words." And another: "Sad and broken, with the loss of a dear son, I live every week for Thursday, to devour the splendid tonic of your articles. I don't know what I should do without them." Not much mischief about that, think you? *And has it ever occurred to you what would happen if in a journal such as this* I preached the tearful gospel according to Jeremiah—talked of a "long and bloody war," of the necessity "to face another year at least," of the prospect of "starvation," and all the rest of it? Good God! I claim to have done more by my methods, in the way of recruiting in the early days of the war, and more during the past two years to hearten and inspire both the fighters and the civilian population—and more to comfort the bereaved and sorrowing—than all the Politicians and all the Parsons put together—and I'm not going to alter these methods now. No, my friends, I am, if you like a Jingo (a word which, by the way, I was the first person ever to write—at the dictation of my late uncle, George Jacob Holyoake)—an out-and-out believer in the strong arm of the British Empire, which, despite all her faults and failings, and her politicians, no Power on God's earth, and no combination of Powers, shall ever bring to the ground. So come along, good readers—thumbs up, three cheers for Haig, to Hell with the Kaiser, and to Jericho with the Pessimists! In the words of Smuts, the war is won.

"AS SOON AS POSSIBLE."

WHY A WARRIOR WENT TO THE WORKHOUSE.

Whilst Mr. Hodge, the Pensions Minister, speaking in Birmingham recently, said that it would be a scandal if any discharged soldier had to go to the Workhouse, there was—had he known it—such a case almost under his nose. Ex-Private H. A. A. Rust, late of 10, St. Stephen's Road, Ten Acres, Selly Oak, Birmingham, gladly answered his country's call in 1915, and was passed as fit for general service. He put in 213 days with the King's Liverpool Regiment, and was discharged in March, 1916, "in consequence of being no longer fit for war service." That is 20 months ago—his claim for a pension is still under the sympathetic consideration of the Ministry of Pensions, which kindly informed him some days ago that "the result will be notified as soon as possible." The ex-soldier says that at the time of his discharge his arrears of pay amounted to £8 15s., but that he was cast adrift without a penny, though some days later he received £1 from the Army authorities. For some months the little family have been living from hand to mouth—hoping, ever hoping that the Pensions Ministry might be moved to action, if not to pity. The climax came when, with not a coin in their pockets, the quartette sought the shelter of the workhouse. Poor Rust, too, owes the severe attacks of rheumatism to which he is now frequently subject, and which incapacitate him from working more than two or three days at a time, to sleeping whilst in the Army fn wet blankets, as he alleges, in a room which was not rain-proof.

ON AND OFF THE BENCH.

QUEER MAGISTERIAL PERFORMANCES IN NORTH WALES.

Evidently the Bettwyscoed (North Wales) Magistrates have queer notions of justice. One day recently, a labourer, charged with stealing £7 from a fellow-workman's bag, was discharged on payment of the costs. We wish that a similar clemency had inspired the Bench in their dealings with an aged woman, charged with the theft of 21 lbs. of apples. It seems that at the end of last year the poor old soul was evicted from a cottage which she had occupied for more than half a life-time. The apples were growing in the garden of this cottage, and the new tenant being away at the war, the old lady conceived the notion that she was entitled to take the fruit, rather than leave it there to spoil—a mistaken idea which cost her a fine of 10s. and 13s. costs, to say nothing of the stigma of a criminal conviction at the close of a blameless life. By the way, it does not appear that Major A. E. Priddle, J.P., was on the Bench this particular morning. The gallant Major, it will be remembered, a week or two ago—when sitting as a member of the Conway Fishery Board—asked a river watchman if he had ever caught anybody fishing without a licence—to receive the disconcerting reply, "Only yourself, sir." In view of the sentence upon the widow, Major Priddle was fortunate in not being brought before his brother Justices.

A THOUGHTLESS CREDITOR.

HARD FATE OF A BEDFORD TRADESMAN.

We have a good deal of sympathy with Mr. W. E. Harris, now of the Scottish Horse, and formerly a credit draper at 2, The Crescent, Bedford—who, on becoming liable to the Military Service Act, was compelled to dispose of his business on most unfavourable terms. It seems that Mr. Harris had acquired the concern from a Mr. T. G. Carruthers, a leading light in Bedford religious circles, on the terms usual in the credit drapery line—a sum down and the balance by instalments. The fact that the purchaser had already paid Carruthers some £600, the balance outstanding amounting to only about a third of the total purchase money, should have ensured fair and considerate treatment, but, with the advent of compulsory military service to which Mr. Harris was liable, Carruthers seems to have been seized with panic; and, finally, the unfortunate little draper—who had put the whole of his savings and the best of his effort into the business—was compelled to effect a Deed of Arrangement. Forced into this unsatisfactory scheme, Mr. Harris was saddled with "costs and charges" amounting to £106 odd on a total estate of £728. The little business, in which his life's ambition was wrapped up, has gone for ever, and he will some day have to face the world again, if he comes safely through the war, with the stigma of "failure" in trade operations. Yet he claims, and with good reason as far as we can see, that given time he could have made good. It was a pity Mr. Carruthers could not see his way to confer this simple boon—a very great pity, indeed.

"NINE TO ONE."

A SEQUEL AND SOME FURTHER INSTANCES.

A short time back we told the story of an attack by nine German prisoners on a wounded British soldier, at a village near Leamington. We gather that the police authorities have gone into the affair, and describe it as a "frivial incident." The "explanation" does not dare to deny that an attack was made by those Huns upon a wounded man, and we emphasise our point that it is a shameful thing the brutes should be at large and allowed to commit such an offence. An attempt is made to whitewash them by saying they are only civilian prisoners, or interned men, natives of Northern Schleswig, which until 1864 was part of Denmark. To that we retort that an Englishman is not a Roman because he was born in a part of the world once ruled by Julius Cæsar. In Suffolk the Huns are employed, while discharged soldiers are refused work. People at Ashford, in Middlesex, have to go short of food and groceries because the Huns from the prison swarm out in the early evening and buy up all they fancy. And of course they go to their work there, as elsewhere, by motor. The whole scheme of the treatment of German "prisoners" errs on the side of kindness to those animals and of gross injustice to our own folk. And then—think of our British boys who are prisoners in Hunland!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

"We'll give them—umph!" Lloyd George declared,
And in that sentiment we shared:
But now it seems (the thought displeases)
That we are waiting till Hell freezes!

In vain our British Bolos try
To tempt Welsh miners on the sly,
Who are aware that if they fell,
Their fighting mates would fall as well.

The First Lord's statement notwithstanding,
The Huns' small trouble we are handing,
Compared with what we could dole out
If red tape twined us not about.

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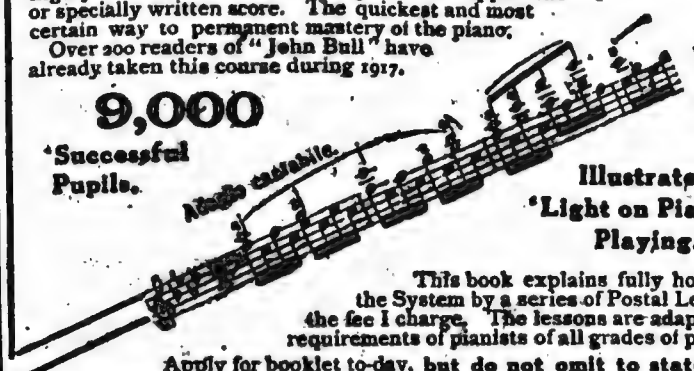

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AVOID all cheap bulky packets and loose baking powders.

AN ARTISTIC SWINDLE.

THE WILES OF A WEST END DEALER.

Folks who in these hard times have money to spend upon artistic luxuries may be warned against doing business with Mr. Matthew Kelly—of the King Edward Studios, 53, West Cromwell Road, S.W., and 127, Earl's Court Road, S.W.—one of whose agents has lately been canvassing districts remote from the Metropolis with a plausible tale of charity to assist the disposal of his wares. The man is named Charles, and he has been touring the country districts of South Wales in a hired motor car, inviting well-to-do people to order oil paintings and ivory miniatures, on the pretext that such commissions would provide work for artists ruined by the war. As a matter of fact, there is not the least foundation for this pretence. At the best, Mr. Matthew Kelly is a tradesman out to do business like any other commercial artist. At the worst, his character was sufficiently exposed at the Surrey Quarter Sessions in October, 1915, where he was convicted of fraud for passing off coloured photographs as painted portraits. In the course of his trial, it was shown that Kelly had been steadily engaged in disposing of cheap photographic productions at exorbitant prices, "portraits in oils" worth a couple of pounds having brought him as much as 35 guineas, and water-colour sketches worth even less having fetched £20 or more. Since the war, Kelly has been offering his artistic wares to the relatives of men killed in action, his chief line being the painting of ivory miniatures from photographs, at prices ranging upwards from five guineas, the trade cost of the goods being somewhere in the neighbourhood of half-a-sovereign.

FREE FILMS FOR THE FRONT.

GOOD WORK STRANGLED BY RED TAPE.

One of the biggest film firms has long been sending films free of all charge to the troops at the Front, at one time despatching over 100,000 feet every week. Now, however, it seems as though it must stop. The Customs department at Southampton has formulated an imposing set of rules entailing very much trouble and clerical labour. Lenders of films to the troops, if they want their goods back, must "fill up a form" in duplicate, and a separate specification must be prepared for each package in a consignment. There are five long paragraphs of regulations and instructions which we have no space to quote, and the official document as a whole seems calculated, not to help, but to hinder, the good work of willing hands. The film firm we have alluded to says quite frankly, "We have neither time nor the staff to do the necessary clerical work that this entails, and we shall have to abandon our little efforts to brighten the lives of the boys at the front." It is a great pity, and it all seems so stupid on the part of the officials.

WAR-TIME FESTIVITIES.

YORKSHIRE VICAR'S INCONSISTENCY.

The Rev. Victor Jones, of Heworth, York, is a clergyman with strong opinions. Unhappily, consistency is not among the reverend gentleman's manifold virtues. For instance, Mr. Jones was recently asked to lend his powerful support to a public fete in aid of the York Stranded Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund, an excellent organisation. It was proposed to hold a public dance and whist drive for the amusement of the soldiers and the benefit of the Fund. "Whilst we have so many bereaved ones in our city," wrote the Vicar, "and whilst thousands of our men are being killed and wounded weekly, it seems somewhat heartless in my opinion to arrange public festivities." A high-souled standpoint, very; only, as we say, the good Vicar unhappily is not consistent. As recently as July, 1916, a public fete in aid of parochial funds was held in the Heworth Vicarage grounds—an *al fresco* Church Bazaar with the usual frillings. To this holy frolic the Rev. Victor Jones offered no objection; sale and side-shows received his apostolic blessing. "I believe it has been a very happy time," he wrote, "and we can all, I think, look back with pleasure to our war-time sale of work." Just so, but when it is a question of a little practical help for soldiers and sailors thrown upon the hospitality of York, the Vicar, like the Levite of old, passes by on the other side.

DISGRACEFUL DELAYS.

DILATORY FIRM AND SOLDIER'S CHEQUE.

As long ago as December of last year a soldier now serving in France ordered a small dynamo from the Queen's Engineering Company, Queen's Road, Battersea, to be delivered to his home address at Worksop, Notts. He paid the Company £4 15s., the price quoted for the machine, free on rail in London. According to our latest information, however, the dynamo has not come to hand, the Queen's Road firm having advanced a rich variety of excuses for their unpardonable delay. In the first place, the blame was placed upon a defaulting employee, who had stolen a number of dynamos. The firm would make good his depredations, and a new machine should be despatched without delay. This was last May, six months after the date of the order and the receipt of the money; but on the 25th of June the dynamo had not been delivered, although the cheque was of course retained. At this point we undertook to inquire into the matter, and ourselves received promises that it would be sent off "in a few days." However, up to the time of writing we have not heard of its arrival; and, in any case, such dilatory methods are—to employ a charitable term—a disgrace to the Queen's Engineering Company, who, in the circumstances, have no right whatever to retain the soldier's money, having been guilty of a gross breach of faith with a fighting man.

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A Lady Student writes:—

"I can only say that difficulties simply fly away. It is indeed a pleasure to practice the little melodies you sent, and I am looking forward eagerly to further lessons."

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ARE YOU RUN DOWN?

The condition of being "run-down" is one that doctors do not recognise as a disease; but those who are run down in health know that it is not a fancied affliction.

The expression "run-down" comes from the feeble action of an unwound clock. Applied to health, it means that all the bodily functions are enfeebled. Appetite fails, the digestion is impaired, the nerves are impoverished, the complexion becomes pale, there is no animation, but rather worry and mental depression. Fatigue is a constant symptom.

No particular organ being affected, you must look for relief to the blood, as it circulates everywhere. Improvement in the blood is quickly felt throughout the system, and Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are the best and most convenient blood builders. As your blood becomes rich and red, the organs regain their tone and the body its vigour. If you have any or all of the above symptoms try the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' pink pills, but never buy a substitute.

FREE.—Send a postcard for a most useful Health Guide to Book Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.—(ADVT.)

Write to-day to have H. Samuel's Money-Saving Catalogues sent as issued. By return you will get a beautiful big

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in Jewellery, Watches, etc., at next to Factory prices. *H. Samuel, the world's largest Jewellery Firm. Branches in all Principal Towns.*

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LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Jewelled movement, nickel case **17/6**

BRITISH MADE

Use Veritas Gas Mantles

To all Ironmongers, Gas-Fitters, Dealers etc.

Wholesale: Veritas Light Works. London, Glasgow & Manchester.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE KING.

SOCIALIST (*throwing down newspaper with expression of disgust*): "Yesterday the King visited munition works at Sundercastle and talked with several of the workers." *Did* 'e. Makes you sick, don't it, this everlastin' toadyin' to the King. Would they put it in the papers if *I* was to visit munition works at Sundercastle an' talked with several of the workers?

TOMMY (*on leave from the Front*): I dessay we should see something about it in the p'leece news.

SOCIALIST: Wot d'yer mean? The King's only a man, ain't 'e, same as me? Wot d'yer mean about p'leece news?

TOMMY: I mean you'd very likely get run in if you was to talk to the munition workers like wot you're doin' now.

TORY: Quite right, too.

LIBERAL: I don't know about that. I'm all for freedom of speech. The liberal principles of our Constitution must be preserved at all costs.

SOCIALIST: "Liberal principles" be damned! I'm for the Rights of Man—no less. I tell yer, it's ridic'lous nonsense to 'ave kings nowadays. They're out of date. All right in fairy tales an' plays, but grown-up, sensible men 'aven't got no use for them to-day. "Talked with several of the workers," *did* 'e. Strike me, wot bloomin' condescension!"

TOMMY (*sharply*): Look 'ere, mister, you're intitled to talk about kings in general as much as you please, but take my tip and stop sneering at King George.

SOCIALIST: Take *yore* tip! 'Oo in Hades are you, thet I should take *yore* tip?

TOMMY: I'm wearing the King's uniform, and I'm not going to sit here and listen to your silly sarcasms about him, that's all.

LIBERAL: I must say it somewhat savours of Prussianism to be dictated to by a soldier (with all due respect to you, my friend) as to what we may and may not discuss in public. Not that I'm altogether at one with our somewhat violent Socialistic friend. It is the principle of the thing that concerns me.

TOMMY: That seems to be about all some of you chaps at home can do—*talk* about the principle of this, that, or the other old thing. I don't care a rum ration for the principle of the thing in this case, but I tell you I ain't going to sit 'ere in the King's khaki and listen to the King being run down by scallywags.

SOCIALIST (*truculently*): *'Oo's* a scallywag?

TOMMY: *You* are. We're at war, and—

SOCIALIST: I didn't start it.

TOMMY: No; and you'll take damned good care you don't do anything to help end it.

SOCIALIST: W'y should I?

TOMMY: Well, you suggested that you was a *man*, didn't you? And all the *men* I know, of military age and fitness, are doing their bit. If the King was to step into this carriage at the next station you'd be one o' the first to take yer 'at off an' very likely go down on yer knees, if they didn't shake too much. I know your sort. And I shouldn't blame yer. King George is a jolly good sort, take it from me, and 'e ain't got the easiest job. But 'e does it quietly, like a gentleman. 'E's the figure'ead of the British Empire, and I'm proud to wear 'is uniform. You'd like to see England in the same mess as wot Russia's in, I s'pose. But you never will. The British Army'll always be one too many for you damned Socialists, wot want to pull everything down but 'aven't got nothing to put up in its place. Well, I must love yer an' leave yer. Good-night, me Socialistic sport, an' sort yer brains out a bit.

[*Exit* TOMMY.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WESTERN GAZETTE":—

"The Prime Minister: 'The war must end in a lasting SPEECH.'"

"CHURCH FAMILY NEWSPAPER" (advertisement):—

"Elderly Lady requires post, as companion, secretary, or any position of trust. WOULD KEEP CLERGYMAN'S WIFE IN PARISH."

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"HAY Wanted. Cash. OWN CONSUMPTION."

"RANGOON TIMES":—

"A TELEGRAM HAS BEEN RECEIVED . . . FROM THE LATE —— —— that his body has been recovered, and the remains will be removed to Kyaiklat to-day."

OFFICIAL NOTICE ISSUED BY THE METROPOLITAN COAL DISTRIBUTION BRANCH:—

"The consumer may NOT deal with one coal merchant at a time."

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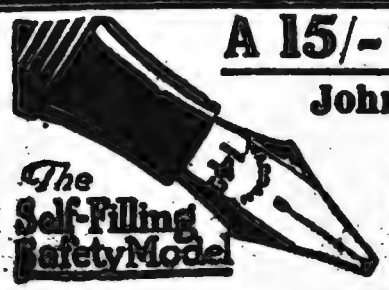
"To be Sold or Let on Lease, Very commodious HOUSE OF FOUL RECEPTION."



A 15/- FOUNTPEN for 5/-

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FILLS ITSELF INSTANTLY.

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Equal to Pens usually sold at 15/-. Cannot leak or get out of order. Fitted with extra Heavy 14-ct. solid Gold 3lib Iridium tipped.

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By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(November 10th, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

BANISH HAIR POVERTY

Test Free the Wonderful Effect of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in Promoting Hair-Health and Beauty.

1,000,000 COMPLETE TRIAL OUTFITS FREE TO-DAY.

EVERY woman looks into the mirror, and there is every reason why she should, for Nature has given to woman the gift of beauty, and there are none who have received more of Nature's bounty than the "English Rose."

But the Hair! That is the crown of beauty, and special care is essential to maintain its fine quality, its strength, its gloss and lustre.

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's, too, for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair-health and beauty free.

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to despatch to any reader a seven days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" outfit entirely free of charge.

TRY "HARLENE" FREE.

Two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" will quickly restore your hair to its best. If you are troubled with

SCURF or DANDRUFF

OVER-GREASINESS of the SCALP

THIN OR BRITTLE HAIR

SPLITTING OR FALLING HAIR

you should obtain at once a Free Trial Outfit. All you have to do is to cut out and post the Free "Gift Outfit" Coupon below, which is published for your convenience.

The Gift Parcel contains:—

1. A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE," THE TRUE LIQUID FOOD AND TONIC FOR THE HAIR, WHICH STIMULATES IT TO NEW GROWTH.

2. A PACKET OF THE MARVELLOUS HAIR AND SCALP-CLEANSING "CREMEX" SHAMPOO, WHICH PREPARES THE HEAD FOR "HAIR-DRILL."

3. A BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, WHICH GIVES A FINAL TOUCH OF BEAUTY TO THE HAIR, AND IS ESPECIALLY BENEFICIAL TO THOSE WHOSE SCALP IS INCLINED TO BE "DRY."

4. THE NEW "HAIR-DRILL" MANUAL, GIVING COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS FOR THIS TWO-MINUTES-A-DAY HAIR GROWING EXERCISE.

Does your hair fall out when you brush and comb it? Is it brittle, dry, overgreasy, weak, or lacking in lustre? These are hair-health defects which can be so easily and effectively overcome by "Harlene Hair-Drill." Try it to-day Free (see coupon below).

A short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will make a wonderful difference in your personal appearance. It strengthens the hair, improves its growth, removes scurf, dandruff, and greasiness, and is a remarkable aid to hairdressing.

You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" (it occupies only two minutes a day), for it is a most delightfully refreshing toilet exercise. You will immediately wonder how you have done without it in the past. It imparts new life to the hair, giving tone and nourishment to weak, impoverished, straggly hair; at the same time it is especially beneficial in maintaining well-conditioned hair in all its pristine freshness and beauty.

LETTERS OF PRAISE FROM ALL

Thousands of letters in terms of unqualified approval have been received by the proprietors of "Harlene."

Famous Actresses, Cinema Queens, and especially women workers in the munition establishments, in factories and offices, who have been worried over the condition of their hair—all have been particularly pleased with the wonderful results obtained from the practise of "Hair-Drill."

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Men, too, find "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dandruff, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair-health and beauty.

You will always be able to obtain future supplies of "Harlene" from your local chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d per bottle (in solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d., with full directions as to use). "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1½d. per box of seven (single packets, 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" GIFT OUTFIT COUPON

Detach and post to Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above.

"John Bull," 10/11/17.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 1.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1915.*

A Word to Tommy.

All you boys, at home and abroad, are officially warned *not* to "Write to JOHN BULL about it." We are glad to know that you say "Be damned!" to that order. Send your complaints along, and they shall be remedied. We are pledged to you through thick and thin.

Another for the War Council.

We regret that, although the new officers are splendid fellows for going over the top, they usually know very little about King's Regulations and Military Law. Many men on leave in London, and elsewhere, fail to reach the railway stations owing to air raids, having obeyed the official order to "take cover." On arriving at their bases late they are, however, confined to barracks, or even jailed. Those who wield harshly their magisterial powers should receive from the bigwigs at Whitehall a little letter of instruction.

For Our Politicians.

We are not quite through the campaign yet. After the South African War we had a huge scandal, the mere Report upon it weighing about half a stone. There is a greater accumulation of scandal collecting in regard to the present campaign, and we cannot believe for a moment that the officials at the War Office are blind to the condition of affairs. Are we to wait until the war is over, or are we to have a Commission formed now to look into the state of things? We can tell the War Council and the Government that the system of robbery and injustice which is rampant throughout the Service is simply placing in pickle a rod for their own flagellation when the war drums cease to throb. We are threatened with big and unavoidable difficulties when the campaign ends—let us clear up, as far as possible, as we go along.

Insult to Injury.

We cadge for socks, for blankets, and other comforts with which our men are supposed to be supplied by the Army Council—things which ought to be bought out of the eight millions a day. How is this for an Army Order?—"The Army Council have decided to authorise an issue of boots, army pattern, to volunteers in sects. A, B, and C, on prepayment by the men concerned. Price £1 3s. 9d. *Boots to be worn only when on duty.*" The men give up their time to help the Empire; they buy their own clothing, and having done so must not wear the boots if not on duty! Isn't it marvellous? We would advise our authorities to take copy from America, or from the Colonies. We are the richest and greatest nation on earth, but the meanest. We hope that the volunteers concerned will see their superiors damned in regard to this matter.

Devil and Deep Sea.

Inoculation is not by regulation compulsory in the Army, but we find that some Officers Commanding have again announced that in future leave will be granted only to men who undergo the operation. Such an attitude is quite unjustifiable—and is, literally, an irritating pin-prick.

Not in Ruhleben!

At the Nova Scotia Training Depot, Bramshott, a man is in leg-irons and handcuffs. He complains that he has had but one change of underwear, and one bath, between September 16th and October 20th, and that his body is therefore in a disgusting state. As matters of discipline are left in the hands of the Colonial Officers, the War Office cannot interfere in such a case. We pity the poor beggar, and sincerely hope that Colonel McKinnon will speedily intervene.

Bad Times at Bedford.

We suggest to whoever is in charge of the Bedford Depot that he should call a meeting of his men—not to give the parrot-like warning against JOHN BULL, but to hear legitimate grievances. Unfortunately, we have not space to publish the catalogue of them, but shall certainly return to the subject, if there is no improvement.

A Uniformed Trader.

We have a complaint from the Royal Naval Camp, at Gosport, that a petty-officer has turned himself into a newsagent, and, against regulations, is trading for his own advantage—charging 50 per cent. more than customary prices. We must look him up!

For Sir Eric.

Sir Eric Geddes might consider the pay of the engineers of the Royal Naval Reserve. They are on their hind legs—and certainly not without cause.

Pumpuritans Triumphant?

The men of the trawlers and drifters ask us why their rum ration is not issued. If any man deserves a tot of spirit, it is the hardy fellow on the small craft, who faces the biting blast, and is drenched by the icy driving spray of the North Sea.

Who is the Paymaster?

Who is the Paymaster responsible for the paying of the crew of the rescue tug, *Flying Cormorant?* The men appear to be getting their money in niggardly instalments—which should not be, having regard to the eight millions a day dumped down by the taxpayers.

Mean?

Speaking in the House the other night, Sir Eric Geddes praised the gallantry of the men of the trawler *Elise*, which went to the rescue of the survivors of the *Strongbow*, and was driven back by the enemy. He forgot to add that the *Elise* picked up about 40 survivors, mostly wounded; that the gallant rescuers gave all their spare clothing to the succoured crew, and now have to pay for it. If the Admiralty does not dump up, we shall start a fund to re-clothe the splendid fellows whose heroic deeds were praised in the Commons.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Age and Anxiety.

An old couple, who have two sons fighting, had the misfortune to lose two daughters within three days, the cost of burial, etc., draining their resources. Reluctantly they placed the facts before us and asked for aid—which we were glad to afford.

"No Friend to Help Her."

Such, we regret to say, is the plaint of many an "unofficial wife." One who is anxious to do the best for her child, is unfortunately handicapped owing to her work having temporarily fallen off. She wrote us in a straightforward way, asking for a little assistance, and we promptly came to the rescue.

Four Sons Serving.

Their mother, a widow, is in receipt of allowance from two only of them, as the others are married—the stress upon her was, therefore, great. We have made her outlook upon life a little brighter.

A Large Family.

A poor woman has just lost a son at the Front. At home, there are eleven in family to feed and clothe, and the hard-working father found his money hardly sufficient for bare necessities. As there is serious illness in the family, we sent a donation from the Fund.

Waiting for Pension.

The wife of one of our discharged men found her temporary allowance inadequate to the needs of herself and five children—one of whom is under the doctor. The man is at present unable to work through rheumatism, but no pension has yet been received. She therefore asked for, and received, help.

Discharged to Die.

A bereaved mother sends us a touching letter, describing the fate that has befallen her son—who has "done his bit," but, passing away in the infirmary, has not lived to enjoy the times of peace. There are, too, financial difficulties at home, which we helped to relieve.

Another Derelict.

We are glad to assist another discharged invalid, solely dependent upon a willing but fragile sister. Such cases are, and will be numerous, and will certainly have a strong claim upon the Fund subscribed by our readers.

Willing, but Unable.

Discharged from the Service, a poor fellow is eager to earn the wherewithal to support his wife and family of little ones. On having the circumstances presented to us, we took prompt action.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

C. M. (Hollinwood), 1s.; Miss K. L., 1s.; V. B. (St. Albans), 1s.; C. W. H., 6d.; E. W., 1s.; J. E. A., 6d.; G. H. H., 1s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; Mrs. M. B. (Newcastle), 1s.; T. L. B. (Glasgow), 4s. 9d.; R. S., 1s. 6d.; F. C., 1s.; A. J., 2s. 6d.; J. R. (Stoke-on-Trent), 1s.; "A Few Grateful Boys, M.T.A.S.C.," 4s.; T. P. (Earl's Court), 1s. 6d.; "Anxious" (Leeds), 1s.; A. E. H., parcel; "A Friend in Africa," £3; "Cecile," 2s. 6d.; P. S. (Orkney), £1; E. B. (West Hoathley), 1s.; Anon., 2s.; R. A. G. (E. Ham), 2s. 6d.; "Theta," £3; J. H. J. (Crieff), 5s.; F. E. B. (Dublin), 2s. 6d.; "Kia Ora," 2s. 6d.; L. C. P. (High Wycombe), 2s. 6d.; A. R., 2s.; "Hibernian," 10s.; "A Hopeful Soldier's Wife," 4s.; "Bullet" Winner (Abertillery), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. B. (Birmingham), 1s.; C. C., £1 1s.; A. E. H. (Erdington), 5s.; "Tajima," 10s.; "Spider," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; S. H. (Deal), 5s.; "A Canadian P.O.," 3 dollars; "Wee Billy," 1s.; E. H. F. M. (Keswick), £1; D.E.H.G.C., 6d.; S. N. (Plymouth), 5s.; F. E. H. (Coventry), 10s.; A. R. (Fulham), 1s.; "Airman," 6d.; P. T. T., £1 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; M. A. G. (Wood Green), 1s.; Mrs. E. D. (Chingford), 1s. 6d.; G. (Bristol), 6d.; Sergeants' Mess, Valetta Military Hospital, Malta, 9s.; J. A. (Singapore), £2; F. H. (Brentwood), 6d.; "Alf," 5s.; Officers and Engineers of s.s. *Cedartree*, £1; J. W., 1s.; M. R. A. (Kent), 1s. 11d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Dick," 2s. 7d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; G. H., 2s. 6d.; E. L. (New Malden), £10; "Airman," 6d.; R. P. (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; H. R. (Durban), £1; H. W., 1s.; "Angela," 5s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; J. G. L., 2s.; H. H. L., 1s. 9d.; Mrs. F. S. B. (Pretoria), 5s.; "In Memory of Dear Charlie," £1; Weekly Collection, C.P.S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 12s.; "Careless," 1s.; "Plymouth," 2s.; F. H., 2s.; "The Little Orphan Boy," 3s. 6d.; K. M., 6d.; E. W., 6d.; W. B., 1s. 6d.; A. B., 1s.; T. G. O., 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Devonport), 1s.; Sgt. M., 1s.; G. W. J. (Muswell Hill), 10s.; F. S. (Sheffield), 1s. 8d.; W. H. O., 1s.; M. H. (Stockport), 1s.; "War Widow," 1s.; "Lieut." (Norfolk Regt.), 5s.; "W.," 2s.; "A Sailor's Sweetheart," 6d.; J. M. (Glasgow), 1s.; "Flack," £3; "Law," 1s. 3d.; J. A. (Hove), 10s.; "Silver Badge 23774," 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.

Mrs. J. Syddall, the winner of the First Prize in our 256th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £3 5s.

COUGHS, CHEST AND LUNG TROUBLES.

Bronchitis, Phthisis, Asthma, Catarrh.

An invasion by tubercle bacilli in the form of pulmonary tuberculosis (phthisis) or in any other form need not be fatal. **The Right Means** and **The Right Method** of repelling the invader are well-known. Spontaneous cures and home cures are frequent. No. 65 Health News (sent post free) provides valuable hints and prescriptions for lung troubles.

ANTI-TUBERCULAR LUNG TONIC. (Formula 228.)
Creosote, Cinnamon, Bone Marrow Lecithin, Phosphorus and Iodine.
Not sold as a consumptive cure, but, nevertheless, useful in combating lung weakness.
1s. 11d. (72). 3s. 3d. (144 tablets).

LOSS OF SMELL. SORE THROAT. (Formula 529T.)
(Naso-pharyngeal Catarrh.)
Sodium Biborate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Phenol.
Useful in hay fever; removes that stuffy feeling. 1s. 1½d. (144 tablets).
Descriptive Pamphlet. No. 48. Price 1d.

HUSKINESS. SORE NOSE. THROAT AND CHEST. TIGHTNESS OF THE CHEST, COUGH. (Formula 331.)
(Nasal, Bronchial and Intestinal Catarrh.)
Camphor, Opium, Benzoic Acid, Licorice Extract, Aniseed Oil, Pine Wood Tar, Creosote.
In pills With directions.
Price 1s. 1½d. (50) and 2s. (100), 5s. 9d. 300)

PETROLEUM WITH PINE OIL AND CREOSOTE. (Formula 373.)
A valuable emulsion.
Germicidal and intestinal antiseptic, used in cough, thinness and tubercular weakness.
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 59. Price, 1d, 2s. 3d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle.

ASTHMA. (Formula 516.)
Stramonium, Camphor, Squill.
Relieves the spasmodic cough and shortness of breath. Can be used in conjunction with other remedies.
Descriptive Pamphlet, No. 66. Price 1d.
Price 1s. 1½d. (36 pills), 2s. 9d. (144 pills).

CORYZA OR RHINITIS, FOUL NOSE. CHRONIC NASAL DISCHARGE. (Formula 328.)
Camphor, Belladonna, Codeine Cinchonane.
With directions, 1s. 7d. (36), 5s. 8d. (144 pills).

COUGHS, COLDS, SORE CHEST, SHORTNESS OF BREATH. (Formula 617.)
Squills, Ipecacuanha, Antimony, Menthol, Peppermint, Cloves, etc.
Makes two pints of Lung Tonic. With directions. Price 2s. 6d.

COUGH, INSOMNIA, AND LOSS OF WEIGHT. (Formula 332.)
Garlic Extract, 4 grains.
Useful for checking night sweats.
Descriptive Pamphlet No.47. Price 1d.
1s. 11d. (72), 2s. 8d. (144 pills).

THERMAL WOOL. (Formula 800.)
This is wool impregnated with Capsicum. Applied in colds, bronchitis, lumbago, rheumatism, etc.
Price 10½d. per box.

RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Backache, Lumbago.

Cooler weather throws more strain on the kidneys. A chill may put you out of action. Here are some **First Aid** and **First Rate Prescriptions.** Keep them in readiness and use them promptly.

PAINS IN LIMBS AND JOINTS, STIFFNESS, SWOLLEN TOES AND FINGERS. (Formula 74.)
(Rheumatic Gout and Arthritis.)
Colchicum Extract, Blue Pill, Comp. Rhubarb Pill, Extract Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue.
Useful in Rheumatic Gout, Sciatica, and certain forms of Arthritis. With directions.
Price 1s. 1½d. (50) and 2s. (100).

SHELL SHOCK, LASSITUDE, WEAKNESS, DEPRESSION. (Formula 470T.)
Phosphrus, Nux Vomica Extract, Damiana Extract, Pure Lecithin.
In tablets Dose: 1 or 2 after each meal. Price 1s. 7d (36) and 5s. 8d. (144).
This formula acts like magic.

TOBACCO, ALCOHOL, AND DRUG ANTIDOTE. (Formula 1,078.)
Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar.
You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs with one of these tablets in your mouth. Easily stops craving for tobacco till nightfall.
Price 1s. 1½d. (72), 2s. (144).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 52, 1d.

BACKACHE, NERVOUSNESS, AND INDIGESTION. (Formula 42.
Venice Turpentine, Juniper, Nitre, Bismuth, Soda, Capsicum, Nux Vomica, Phosphorus.
Dose, 1 or 2 thrice daily.
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 40 Price 1d.
1s. 1½d. (72), 3s. 3d. (144 tablets).

URETHRITIS AND BLADDER IRRITATION. (Formula 282.)
Cubebs, Venice Turpentine, Copaiba Balsam, Colchicum Extract, Gravel Nut Root, Podophyllin Rol, Formamine
Dose: 1 or 2 pills thrice daily. Liberates formalin, possesses germicidal and cooling properties. Used in Cystitis and Prostatitis.
Price 1s. 1½d. (50), 2s. (100) and 5s. 9d. (300).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 63, 1d.

BRIGHT EYES, LOVELY COMPLEXION.

Acne, Pimples, Rash, Sores.

BLEMISHES, RASH, PUSTULAR ERUPTIONS, SORES, SWOLLEN GLANDS. (Formula 608.)
(Deeper seated blood Impurities.)
Potas., Soda, Iron, Quinine Mercury Iodide, Mercuric Chloride, Nux Vomica, Stillingia, Jacaranda, Sarsaparilla.
In tablets, 1s. 1½d. (36), 2s. 9d. (144), 5s. (432), with directions.
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 62, 1d.

SALLOW COMPLEXION, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, DULL EYES. (Formula 442—Improved.)
(A Complexion Tonic)
Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica Extract, Gentian Extract.
Dose: 1 or 2 tablets 3 or 4 times a day.
Price 1s. 1½d. (72), 2s. (144), and 5s. 9d. (432).
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 36, 1d.

GREY HAIR BANISHED. (Formula 906.)
A famous Parisian formula of the transparent type Gives good results.
Price 2s.
Descriptive Pamphlet No. 64, 1d.

BEAUTY SHOW CREAM. (Formula 813.)
Stearic Acid, Witch Hazel, etc.
Often described as Oxygen Cream
Price 1s. 3d and 4s.

The above prescriptions may be obtained post free at the prices named (abroad ext a) from

Mr. WM. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST (Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.),
68. (DEPT. J. B.2) GROVE ROAD. BOW. LONDON. E. 3.

How BAKERS solve the WAR FLOUR Problem.

AT first, as you probably know, even the experts in your baker's kitchen had great difficulty in dealing with war-flour, but now they take advantage of the discovery of a well-known London cook who has completely solved the problem. In addition, by using the preparation Miss Wright recommends, they save ⅔ of the cost of eggs, *for a 7d. tin takes the place of 21.*

An Important Letter from Elsie Mary Wright,

"Cordon Bleu" Medallist of the National Training School of Cookery; Domestic Editress, "Everywoman's Weekly," etc., etc., and one of the best-known cookery experts in London.

Read what Miss Wright says:

"With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty."

THE master bakers of our great towns, the men whose work has made certain restaurants Meccas for those who like good food, were quick to take up this wonderful preparation. It does away with the drawbacks of war flour and the expense of eggs, produces better and more uniform results, and saves half to three-quarters of the cost. If a recipe for a cake or pudding calls for 20 eggs, they use only 6, and one-quarter of a 1/2d. tin of Goodall's Egg Powder. Whilst 20 eggs would have cost 5/—, 6 and the ½ tin of Goodall's Egg Powder cost 1/9½ only.

Don't let Goodall's Egg Powder earn money and reputation for bakers and restaurants alone. Begin to use it in your favourite dishes, and let it help *you* too. But be sure you get the genuine—there are many Egg Powders, but *none so good as Goodall's*, as was proved by an independent analysis in "The Times" Food Number.

Remember Goodall's Egg Powder next time you go shopping.

1½d. packets; large 7d. and 1/2 tins.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 4.

PLAY at SIGHT

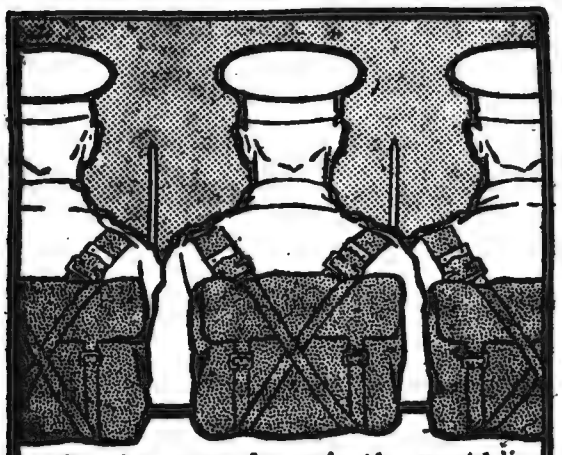
Amateur musicians who cannot now play at sight can easily do so in 3 months by the Thelwall Postal System of Sight Reading (12 lessons only, by correspondence). You are told what to do, and how to do it.

During the last 11 years this System has been highly recommended by all the leading papers and thousands of successful pupils throughout the world

"You have my consent to use my name as one who strongly approves of your method." Sig. Ed. Landon Ronald. Endorsed also by Sir F. Bridge, Mus. Doc., M.V.O. Dr. J. Borland, etc.

W. H. THELWALL, 80 32 [illegible] Hill LONDON

Send 1d. stamp to-day for fo-s, unsolicited testimonials, and full information to **Dept. 93.**



"The Smartest Army in the world"

was the justly earned reputation of the old British Army which for the past quarter of a century "blanco'd" itself clean and smart.

The New Army carries on the old traditions, and the kit bag still has its

"BLANCO"

now made in 3 kinds.

WEB-BLANCO.—A special preparation for cleaning all Web Equipment.

KHAKI-BLANCO.—For cleaning Khaki coloured spats, sun helmets, buckskin belts etc. May also be used for web equipment.

"BLANCO."—*(the original kind)*—for cleaning all White equipment.

All these kinds are sold in Metal Boxes with sponge—a compact handy package. Sold also in Cakes without tins. Economical and easy to use.

WAR OFFICE APPROVAL.

Sole Manufacturers:
JOSEPH PICKERING & SON, Ltd.
BURTON ROAD
SHEFFIELD

Freeman's
DISTINCTIVE
READY SOUPS

LOMBIO.

THE CERTAIN CURE FOR PILES.

The cures effected by Lombio Ointment are really wonderful. No case is too bad for this remarkable remedy. It succeeds even after doctors and all other treatments fail.

Of Chemists 1/3 and 2/9 per tube, or post free from J. B. LOMBIO Co., 15, New Street, Bishopsgate, London.

Send 1d. Stamp for postage for a

10-DAY FREE TRIAL TUBE

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"OLD READER" (Crouch End, N.), apropos of a recent picture of us in a contemporary, says: "My wife doesn't approve of the way you are looking at those nurses." But she should have seen the way those nurses were looking at us!

"A NORWEGIAN" (Croydon).—It warmed our heart to read your unstinted praise of our gallant Tommies, and your final sentence: "I would give my life for England any day and be happy in doing so," is a tribute to the righteousness of our cause.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Mount Sorrel).—English girls who walk out with and make a fuss of interned Austrians are saving up trouble for themselves when the boys come home. We don't ask them to curse our enemies, but they might at least refrain from kissing them.

"ANTI-SMOKER" (Sheffield).—Dear lady, it is written that the Lord first made man, then He made woman, then He felt sorry for the man and made tobacco.

"PESSIMIST" (Lincoln).—According to Voltaire, history is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes. In this light the Devil is making history indeed.

MRS. R. H. (Waterloo).—"The same name to-day cheers our Tommies and Jacks, Who work with a will when a pal's at their backs; Who in spite of all sneers won't his efforts relax—Horatio." To our modesty this is a terrible tax, but we bow as we blush in the face of the fax.

F. C. F.—If you and your friends go wandering about munition works just to show how easy it is to get in, you may get into something else—trouble, to wit.

MISS L. T. (I. of Wight).—"A penny is a penny nowadays." We find it more like a farthing.

A. Y. (Fulham).—"May the truth you pervert soon blast and wither you." The same to you, and a Merry Christmas!

"JOCK" (Red Cross Hospital, Netley).—So you would like Ramsay Macdonald to hold a peace meeting at Hellsfire Corner, Ypres. But if the Huns knew he was there, there would be no Hellsfire.

"ONE OF MANY" (Grand Fleet).—"Do please cheer up Sunday in London." That we are trying to do so is indicated by the fact that we have several times lectured on Sabbath afternoons.

"LOYAL ENGLISHMAN" (Vancouver).—We do not like the notion of our men saluting German officers who are prisoners. Yet it is better than a German's salute—which is to spit in a prisoner's face.

"A COLONIAL PRIVATE."—"I wonder if you could throw any light?" If we did, they would summon us.

R. N. D. (Blandford).—Just two verses "The preachers over in Blighty, Who talk about Kingdom Come, Ain't pleased with our ability And want to stop our rum; Water they say would be better—Water, great Scott, out here! Why, we're up to the knees in water; Do they think we're standing in beer?"

"REGULAR READER" (Lincoln). — The "Conscription of Wealth" means the confiscation of all capital by the State for the use of the State—whatever *that* means.

D. B. (London).—"Would it not be advisable to have our aerodromes underground?" Yes, and our trenches in the air.

F. D. C. (Southend).—"For saying he is proud of being a German, he has the bar up against him at several public houses round Kidderminster." He ought to find himself up against the bar.

Miss D. O'C. (Woolston).—We certainly think that if one munition girl gets a medal for losing no time, another should get a medal for losing her foot.

A. M. U.—No, Dunns the hatters were not the origin of the expression, "Mad as a hatter." Besides, they are not mad, but cunning—where military service is concerned.

K. R. (Southport).—Our strong impression is that you have been misinformed. Awful lot of liars about, aren't there?

G. E. S. (Norwich).—It may be true, as your friends tell you, that you "possess the talent of a very fine poet." The only trouble is that you don't know how to use it.

"HEARTBROKEN WOMAN."—Some of the girls at present serving in the provision shops *are* a bit saucy, aren't they? But we don't think any the more of them for that.

MRS. R. H. (Liverpool).—"I am informed you have in your possession the complete works of Pastor Russell. My informant was a C. O." He was, as usual, lying. We abjure the Pastor and all his works.

MRS. L. (Rye).—If you succeed in winning a "Bullets" prize turkey it would reach you in good time for Christmas Day.

D. I. (Kennington Road).—"Could you keep my motor bike and sidecar, please. I leave Friday." Who is minding your jewels, cash and plate?

SGT. A. E. B. (High Wycombe).—The High Wycombe tobacconist who refused to supply you, a Mons hero in uniform, with a box of matches, of which he had plenty, unless you purchased something else, is a profiteering old cad and deserves to be boycotted.

MRS. G. B. (Dalston).—Sorry we hurt the feelings of your cat when we said an unkind lady was a cat. But there are two kinds of cats (as of angels)—good ones and bad ones.

H. H. (Borden).—As you say, it is a great shame that the soldiers cannot get polishes at reasonable prices. To our knowledge, at least one firm of manufacturers—Messrs. Day and Martin—contract with the Navy and Army Canteen Board at special rates which should enable the men to purchase their wares at prices comparing very favourably indeed with the charge to civilians.

PTE. M. (B.E.F.).—We would rather not forward the letter you send. This is in your interests, for it might get you into hot water.

H. H. (Cricklewood).—What do you want with "matrimonial columns"? If you are tired of bachelordom, cultivate the glad eye.

PTE. T. D. L. (Hospital, Camberwell).—"Please give your opinion of the following poem." Never, boy; it might retard your recovery.

A. C. S. (Rotherhithe).—Sorry that at the last moment we were prevented from attending the Metropolitan Special Constabulary's Matinée, but hope to be with you another time.

A. O'G. (Sec., Irish Republic Society).—A very long, seditious letter—" for publication." Not in these.

"KNORR'S SOUP."—We are informed that, despite the statements to the contrary which have appeared in the Press both here and in France, "Bouillon Kub" is entirely distinct from Knorr's Soup. Its proprietors are, we understand, taking energetic steps in France to remove the aspersions which have been cast upon their product. As a matter of fact, "Bouillon Kub" is being largely supplied to the French Army.

"SEATS FOR TOMMIES."—Delighted to know that, following our recent Open Letter to the Stationmaster, a plentiful supply of seats for the crippled boys from Netley Hospital has been installed at Woolston Station. We observe from a photograph that someone has christened them "The JOHN BULL Seats." Many thanks.

M. M. (Thetford).—It is quite possible that your friend may have seen "two churches in one churchyard," although, under the present regulations, such duplicity of vision is rarer than of yore.

C. H. (Barnsbury) and OTHERS.—Thanks for your interest in the case of Alexander Nelson, of West Hartlepool, the veteran Gordon Highlander. Upon seeing our recent paragraph, however, Sir Arthur Pearson—through the National Institute for the Blind—undertook to allow him a grant of 5s. 6d. a week for six months, with the probability of a renewal. It was impossible to give him more without interfering with his Old Age Pension. Hats off to Sir Arthur!

"INNISKILLING FUSILIER."—Weekly coupons of any date are accepted in part payment of JOHN BULL Fountain Pens.

Miss B. P. (London, W.).—You seem surprised that a London policeman should have stopped the traffic at Piccadilly Circus to enable a wounded Tommy to cross the road—whereas we, knowing the London "Bobbie," cannot imagine anything more natural and seemly.

C. C. (Norbury).—Somebody certainly did in "J. B." interpret Revelations as showing that the war would last four and forty months, and would end in February, 1918.

G. P. (Sussex).—Afraid no truth in the report that "Lloyd George is giving £5 for baby boys born this year." Still, you've done it now, so must make the best of the 30s.

PTE. F. W. (Cork).—For the millionth time, there are more acres in Yorkshire than letters in the Bible, the figures being 3,584,762 and 3,567,180 respectively.

"LONG SER VIS."—We are willing to read your complaint, but 1,500 words like "Spe Shuls of Wi division," "Ko Mik," and "Pro Clam Ation," may be humorous, though they are wearying to a busy staff.

"GUNDAMS" (Cardiff).—Our sympathy is with hundreds of inventors who complain to us, but we cannot overrule the Board of Inventions. You have done your duty like a brick, and are still doing it.

"PATRIOTIC BRITISHER" (Shipley).—"I was considered one of the best hands on aeroplanes, but was unbadged, passed B2, and for five months picked up paper round the camp. Now I make sticks for officers." If all true, all wrong.

J. B. (Bitterne).—It seems funny, but you must excuse us being unable to enthuse over the grievances of the poor milkman.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

COMPANY MEETING.

BRITISH DYES.

The second annual meeting of the shareholders of British Dyes (Ltd.) was held last week at Huddersfield.

Mr. James Falconer, M.P., chairman of the company, said: "I have heard from time to time the criticism that other companies were confining themselves to manufactures of dyes, and that we ought to have done the same. That has not been our view. During the period of the war our output during the year has been substantially increased. Now the output of colours is more than three times the amount of the pre-war amount, and when you consider that now we have in addition made all our intermediate, and many of our raw materials, to enable us to increase the output, I think you will agree that this is a very substantial effort in addition to dyes production."

After speaking of the magnitude of the German concerns, and the urgent need of qualified chemists for scientific and research work, the Chairman referred to the question of co-operation mentioned in the report, saying: "If you are going to have combination it is essential in the interests of the industries of this country that there should be adequate control to protect the textile industries, and that a monopoly of dye-making in the hands of one company without control would be a danger to which the industries of this country should not for a moment be exposed."

SPECIALLY MADE SUITS

For Middle-aged MEN, — 55/-

Greater care and tailoring skill is requisite to fit men of maturer years than young men. Our tailors honestly claim to have and exercise this requisite capacity, and, despite the low prices we charge, style and appropriate cut and fabric is guaranteed or money refunded. Write for special patterns, book of styles, money back guarantee, etc. All free if you mention 'JohnBull.'

CATESBYS LTD.

Dept. 19,

Tottenham Court Road,

LONDON, W.1.

1-2-12 hours-more-

smoking and no "Tongue Bit" if you send your boy T.M. tooth powder or paste. T.M. will keep his teeth white and mouth sweet and removes smokers "Tongue Bit." Send him

T.M. the standard DENTIFRICE —for Everybody. Use it yourself.

Powder 6d. tins. Paste 1/- tubes. All Chemists, or Christys (J B), Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest Custard

Cream Custard

WE'LL BUY THAT HOUSE!

through the 'City Life' Simple System of instalment payments

Booklet Free from F.G.L./J.B. City Life Assurance Co., Ltd., 6, Paul Street, London, E.C.

Deafness Catarrh
EAR NOISES, BRONCHITIS

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book, and learn of a quick and easy Home Cure.

It is not only in the art of war that Sir Hiram Maxim's inventions are famous. The veteran inventor who has done so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, has left a legacy that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from Catarrh, Deafness, Ear Noises, Asthma, and Bronchitis. In brief, Sir Hiram Maxim has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that all sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their daily occupation, he has published a most interesting little book called the "Home Doctor," which will be given free to all who apply for it.

LEGION OF HONOUR FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

The curative effect of this discovery, which is fully explained in the Free Book, is so remarkable that thousands have already been cured, most of these being chronic cases where everything else has failed.

Sir Hiram Maxim has a world-honoured reputation, and would never have attached his name to an invention which had not proved a great success.

It will be found that after following the advice given in the book, the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved, and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop, the stuffiness in nose and the uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose is checked and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

☞ **THIS GIFT BOOK** ☜

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. A copy and also further particulars will be posted free of charge to every reader who writes for it to-day. The address is: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, J. M. Richards and Sons, Ltd. (Dept J. B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

THE SALVAGE OF LINEN

"Great Success in Our Linen Room."

"Dear Sirs,

We have been using your excellent Movol with great success in our Linen Room. We have all been much surprised by the ease with which the stains, both of fruit and wine, and particularly those of ironmould, have come out.—Yours truly,

B. S."

THIS Salvage of Linen can be attempted equally successful by every one of our readers. Salts of Lemon, etc., are, entirely superseded by this entirely British invention, which is manufactured by the well-known firm of W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton, and sold in 1s. and 6d. tubes by Ironmongers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere.

Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, Medicine Stains, etc., removed quickly.

MOVOL

In case of difficulty in obtaining send 1/2 for large trial tube to

W. EDGE & SONS, Ld., Bolton.

The directions given with each tube must be carefully followed.

RICH RUGS

Write for a Post Free batch of Coloured Sheets, showing the wonderful beauty of Catesbys Rich Rugs. Broad variety of Patterns, good for general wear and suitable also for use with our Cork Lino.

CATESBYS LTD.

Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Rd. London. W.1.

NO MORE GERMAN MOUTH ORGANS.

A British Invention.

A perfect Pocket Wind Instrument for our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free, **9d.** each, or **8s.** per doz. Full instructions.

ROBERT FIELD, Folly Hall, Huddersfield.

'Bullets' Great Xmas Offer!

1,000 TURKEYS

WE are offering 1,000 specially selected Turkeys as "Bullets" prizes.

200 TURKEYS TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

Owing to the war, Turkeys will be exceptionally scarce this year and very expensive. Those to be awarded as "Bullets" prizes will be of the best quality and WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH. Winners will be notified immediately the awards are made and the Turkeys will be despatched to arrive in ample time for the Xmas dinner.

DO NOT MISS THIS WONDERFUL OFFER!

1,000 TURKEYS

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

& 200 Specially Selected Turkeys to be Won this week

No.____ **Closing Date, Thursday, November 15th.**

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(261) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 261 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No.____ **Closing Date, Thursday, November 15th.**

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(261) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

No.____ **Closing Date, Thursday, November 15th.**

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(261) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No 262. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **262** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 262,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the 32 Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 262.

WHAT TOMMY THINKS	WAITING FOR ORDERS	HIS FIRST WIFE	A BAD LIVER
MOST IMPORTANT	TENDER AND TRUE	CHARMING YOUNG GIRL	FIGHTING SPIRIT
DREAMING OF PEACE	TURKEY'S FATE	COLD SNAP	WHEN FOUND OUT
A LITTLE KID	SLICE OF LUCK	ONCE TOO OFTEN	MOTHER'S DARLING
EXTRA SPECIAL	NEVER SATISFIED	UNPLEASANT MEETING	WHAT KAISER WOULD LIKE

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 261.

BRITISH AIRMEN
IN THE TRENCHES
ALL CLEAR
THE CENTRAL POWERS
BUGLE CALLS
COME AND GO
MILITARY EXPERTS
DROPPING A HINT
GETTING WHACKED
IN A TIGHT CORNER
REFUSING TO SERVE
COLD FEET
CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR
A DOG'S LIFE
ACROSS THE RHINE
A BAD EGG
DECEIVING THE MISSUS
STANDING BY
DRILLING AWKWARD SQUAD
AT THE GROCER'S
KNOWING WIFE
AT CLOSING TIME
EYE TO BUSINESS
PROVOKING FATHER
POWDER AND PAINT
MOST DISTURBING WHEN
THANKLESS TASK
TAKING WRONG TURNING
WORRIES HINDENBURG
HIS ONLY LOVE
MOST UNLIKELY
THE KAISER HATES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 32 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will guide you:—

Example:—
MOST UNLIKELY.
Bullet:—
CROWN PRINCE RETURNS LOOT.
Example:—
THANKLESS TASK.
Bullet:—
TRAINING ARMY MULES.

Competitors may send in Two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated December 1st.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated November 10th.

Result of Competition 258 will be found on the opposite page

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

RESULT OF 258th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. TOM S. SHIELDS,
381, Rotton Park Road,
Birmingham.

Example:—FALLING IN LOVE.
Bullet:—ADMISSION FREE—PAY AFTERWARDS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. H. WASLEY,
Glenholme, Ravensworth Road,
Doncaster.

Example:—THE CROWN PRINCE.
Bullet:—OFTEN DRUNK, ALWAYS INCAPABLE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. GEORGE V. ROLLINSON,
15, Albion Road,
Scarborough.

Example:—HER FIRST KISS.
Bullet:—"LITTLE DREAMS" THE RESULT.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Orderly E. B. MIDDLETON, Red Cross Rest Room, St. Enoch Station, Glasgow:
THE GERMAN NAVY—"LOOKS WELL" BEFORE ACTION.

Mrs. S. PEYTON, 113, Mortimer Road, Kensal Rise, London, N.W.:
FIGHT TO FINISH—OTHERWISE FIGHT TO RECOMMENCE.

Mr. J. VICKERS, 26, South Street, Derby:
OUR GRAND FLEET—WE'RE EXPECTING "MORE ABOUT."

Mrs. WILTSHIRE, 25, Braithwaite Rd., Sparkbrook, Birmingham:
THE CROWN PRINCE—REPRESENTS A ROTTEN LINE.

Miss A MAGINNIS, Mullins Hill, Tandragee, Co. Armagh:
FIGHT TO FINISH—GERMANS WHERE THEY STARTED.

Mr. W. H. HARDY, 117, Richards Road, Sheffield:
CONFOUNDING THE KAISER—MANY GERMANS WE "GATHER."

Mr. W. OWEN, 4, Hill View Terrace, Llandudno Junction:
THERE'S NO TELLING—"SHIFTS" GERMANY'S REDUCED TO.

Mr. S. YEO, 18, Wilton Road, Reading:
THE LAST DRINK—"HOT WATER" AT HOME.

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WAR LOAF—NOT A "WARM" FAVOURITE.

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GOOD TIME COMING—WHAT TIRPITZ PROMISED.

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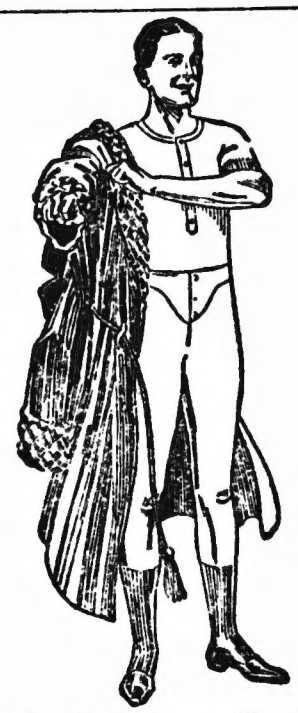

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The following have sent in correct claims:—

A. CROSS, 153, Bancroft Road, Mile End, E.1. October 13th. 462,278.

ROBERT TURNBULL, West End, Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire. October 13th. 103,134.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 3rd:—

036,249	372,619	734,120	974,851	1,351,215
059,642	415,562	746,180	1,055,333	1,445,640
123,752	431,939	767,540	1,069,902	1,489,132
145,878	497,535	795,955	1,123,649	1,526,688
178,992	528,978	826,413	1,157,735	1,558,747
223,680	576,690	865,836	1,192,870	1,572,241
254,862	600,783	872,860	1,230,795	1,624,997
275,716	639,872	885,799	1,278,708	1,687,079
298,607	653,427	937,442	1,306,697	1,743,303
307,938	587,600	958,936	1,337,703	1,761,564

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Nov. 14th).

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For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
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Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

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Address.....

November 10, 1917.

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This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

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Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signed .....
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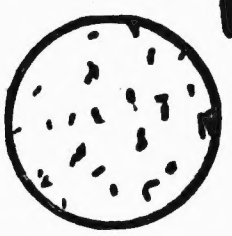
In foggy weather, or at any time when there is danger of infection, you will be able to neutralize any ill-effects, if one or two Evans' Pastilles are allowed to dissolve in the mouth when danger threatens.

EVANS' Pastilles



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